THE·RIVERSIDE·READERS

FIFTH·READER

PROPERTY OF
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☆ 4

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO
Ralph Mc Lees
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SCHOOL DIST. No. 79
1

(*Page 101*)

IT WAS A GREAT PLEASURE TO ME TO SEE ALL MY GOODS IN SUCH ORDER.

THE RIVERSIDE READERS

FIFTH READER

BY

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

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The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS

U . S . A

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TO THE GIRLS AND BOYS

HAVE you ever thought how very small a measure of time and space one person's life by itself can be? Only three score years and ten, the prophet said; and how many years is it that men have been living and doing while the earth has gone rolling on? Only one room, one house, one town, one country, to live in — or so it is for the most of us; and how many miles is it of sea and land that is given to men to roam? Why, then, what little creatures we are in all these years of time and miles of space! Could we but travel down the road of yesterdays, and wander round this world, and back again, then it might be that we should understand our own small part in this great society.

"Oh, but," you say, "we cannot; so what a foolish wish!"

Yet listen. A little voice is calling you, or is it only the rustling of paper and the idle turning of leaves? It seems to say, —

"I will carry you back the road of yesterdays. Come, read me!"

And once you have heard it, hundreds of voices begin to call. One murmurs low, —

"I will carry you back thousands of years to the

magic and the splendor of the East. Come, read me!" And one stirs like the rumble of thunder far away, —

"I will carry you back to the days of heroes; you shall follow in the war-path of the chariot and the spear. Come, read me!" And one speaks out, —

"I know the days when knights were bold and freedom rose across the seas. Come back to them with me."

And still a nearer rustling of voices upon voices seems to say, —

"Would you stalk the jungle or cross the desert? Come with me."

"Would you know the secret of ice and snow? You may seek the pole with me."

"Would you see strange peoples and the cities they have made? Come with me."

And another voice will catch your ear, richer, deeper than the rest. Or is it only the rustle of well-thumbed pages turned over and over with now a laugh and now a sigh? Out of the heart of its story, it whispers to you, —

"I know sorrows you have never known, and joys far greater than your own. Come with me."

Only three score years and ten! Only one little town! Why, life has grown! It is as long as the ages and as broad as the earth; and your thoughts are the thoughts of a world of men.

Perhaps in these pages you will find some signposts of that road of yesterdays, some hint of the wider world around. Will you not then take up the clew and follow it?

PART I. GENERAL SELECTIONS

SAINT GERASIMUS AND THE LION

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

I

One fine morning Saint Gerasimus was walking briskly along the bank of the River Jordan. By his side plodded a little donkey bearing on his back an earthen jar; for they had been down to the river together to get water, and were taking it back to the monastery on the hill for the monks to drink at their noonday meal.

Gerasimus was singing merrily, touching the stupid little donkey now and then with a twig of olive leaves to keep him from going to sleep. This was in the far East, in the Holy Land, so the sky was very blue and the ground smelled hot. Birds were singing around them in the trees and overhead, all kinds of strange and beautiful birds. But suddenly Gerasimus heard a sound unlike any bird he had ever known; a sound which was not a bird's song at all, unless some newly invented kind had a bass voice which ended in a howl. The little donkey stopped suddenly, and bracing his fore legs and

cocking forward his long, flappy ears, looked afraid and foolish. Gerasimus stopped too.

"Dear me," he said aloud, "how very strange that sounded. What do you suppose it was?" Now there was no one else anywhere near, so he must have been talking to himself; for he could never have expected that donkey to know anything about it. But the donkey thought he was being spoken to; so he wagged his head and said, "He-haw!" which was a very silly answer indeed, and did not help Gerasimus at all.

He seized the donkey by the halter and waited to see what would happen. He peered up and down and around and about; but there was nothing to be seen except the shining river, the yellow sand, a clump of bushes beside the road, and the spire of the monastery peeping over the top of the hill beyond.

He was about to start the donkey once more on his climb towards home, when that sound came again; and this time he noticed that it was a sad sound, a sort of whining growl ending in a sob. It sounded nearer than before, and seemed to come from the clump of bushes. Gerasimus and the donkey turned their heads quickly in that direction, and the donkey trembled all over. But his master only said, —

"It must be a lion!"

And sure enough: he had hardly spoken the word when out of the bushes came poking the great head and yellow eyes of a lion. He was looking straight at Gerasimus. Then, giving that cry again, he bounded out and strode towards the good man, who was holding the donkey tight to keep him from running away.

He was the biggest kind of a lion, much bigger than the donkey; and his mane was long and thick, and his tail had a yellow brush on the end as large as a window mop. But as he came, Gerasimus noticed that he limped as if he were lame. At once the Saint was filled with pity, for he could not bear to see any creature suffer. And without any thought of fear, he went forward to meet the lion. Instead of pouncing upon him fiercely, or snarling, or making ready to eat him up, the lion crouched whining at his feet.

"Poor fellow," said Gerasimus; "what hurts you and makes you lame, Brother Lion?"

The lion shook his yellow mane and roared. But his eyes were not fierce; they were only full of pain as they looked up into those of Gerasimus, asking for help. And then he held up his right fore paw and shook it to show that this was where the trouble lay. Gerasimus looked at him kindly.

"Lie down, sir," he said, just as one would speak to a big yellow dog. And obediently the lion charged. Then the good man bent over him, and taking the great paw in his hand examined it carefully. In the soft cushion of the paw a long pointed thorn was piercing so deeply that he could hardly find the end. No wonder the poor lion had roared with pain!

Gerasimus pulled out the thorn as gently as he could; and, though it must have hurt the lion badly, he did not make a sound, but lay still as he had been told. And when the thorn was taken out, the lion licked Gerasimus's hand, and looked up in his face as if he would say, "Thank you, kind man. I shall not forget."

Now when the Saint had finished this good deed, he went back to his donkey and started on towards the monastery. But hearing the soft pad of steps behind him, he turned and saw that the great yellow lion was following close at his heels. At first he was somewhat embarrassed, for he did not know how the other monks would receive this big stranger. But it did not seem polite or kind to drive him away, especially as he was still somewhat lame. So Gerasimus took up his switch of olive leaves and drove the donkey on without a word, thinking that perhaps the lion would grow tired and

drop behind. But when he glanced over his shoulder, he still saw the yellow head close at his elbow; and sometimes he felt the hot, rough tongue licking his hand that hung at his side.

So they climbed the hill to the monastery. Some one had seen Gerasimus coming with this strange attendant at his heels, and the windows and doors were crowded with monks, their mouths and eyes wide open with astonishment, peering over one another's shoulders. From every corner of the monastery they had run to see the sight; but they were all on tiptoe to run back again twice as quickly if the lion should roar or lash his tail.

Now although Gerasimus knew that the house was full of staring eyes expecting every minute to see him eaten up, he did not hurry or worry at all. Leisurely he unloaded the water-jar and put the donkey in his stable, the lion following him everywhere he went. When all was finished, he turned to bid the beast good-by. But instead of taking the hint and departing as he was expected to, the lion crouched at Gerasimus's feet and licked his sandals; and then he looked up in the Saint's face and pawed at his coarse gown pleadingly, as if he said, "Good man, I love you because you took the thorn out of my foot. Let me stay with you always to be your watchdog." And Gerasimus understood.

"Well, if you wish to stay I am willing, so long as you are good," he said; and the lion leaped up and roared with joy so loudly that all the monks who were watching tumbled over one another and ran away to their cells in a terrible fright, locking the doors behind them.

Gerasimus carried the water-jar into the empty kitchen, and the lion followed. After sniffing about the place to get acquainted, just as a kitten does in its new home, the lion lay down in front of the fire and curled his head up on his paws, like the great cat he was. And so, after a long sigh, he went to sleep. Then Gerasimus had a chance to tell the other monks all about it. At first they were timid and would not hear of keeping such a dangerous pet. But when they had all tiptoed down to the kitchen behind Gerasimus and had seen the big kitten asleep there so peacefully, they were not quite so much afraid.

"I'll tell you what we will do," said the Abbot. "If Brother Gerasimus can make his friend eat porridge and herbs like the rest of us, we will let him join our number. He might be very useful, — as well as ornamental, — in keeping away burglars and mice. But we cannot have any flesh-eating creature among us."

So it was decided. Gerasimus let the lion sleep a

good long nap, to put him in a fine humor. But when it came time for supper, he mixed a bowl of porridge and milk and filled a big wooden platter with boiled greens. Then, taking one dish in each hand, he went up to the lion and set them in front of his nose.

"Leo, Leo, Leo!" he called coaxingly, just as a little girl would call "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" to her pet. The lion lifted up his head and purred, like a small furnace, for he recognized his friend's voice. But when he smelled the dishes of food, he sniffed and made a horrid face, wrinkling up his nose and saying "Ugh!" He did not like the stuff at all. But Gerasimus patted him on the head and said, —

"You had better eat it, Leo; it is all I have myself. Share and share alike, brother."

The lion looked at him earnestly, and then dipped his nose into the porridge with a grunt. He ate it all, and found it not so very bad. So next he tried the greens. They were a poor dessert, he thought; but since he saw that Gerasimus wanted him to eat them, he finished the dish, and then lay down on the hearth feeling very tired.

Gerasimus was delighted, for he had grown fond of the lion and wanted to keep him. So he hurried back to the dining hall and showed the empty dishes to the Abbot.

That settled the lion's fate. Thenceforth he became a member of the monastery. He ate with the other monks in the great hall, having his own private trencher and bowl beside Gerasimus. And he grew to like the mild fare of the good brothers, — at least he never sought for anything different. He slept outside the door of his master's cell and guarded the monastery like a faithful watchdog. The monks grew fond of him and petted him so that he lived a happy life on the hill, with never a wish to go back to the desert with its thorns.

II

Wherever Gerasimus went, the lion went also. Best of all, Leo enjoyed their daily duty of drawing water from the river. For that meant a long walk in the open air, and a frolic on the bank of the Jordan.

One day they had gone as usual, Gerasimus, the lion, and the stupid donkey, who was carrying the filled jar on his back. They were jogging comfortably home, when a poor man came running out of a tiny hut near the river, who begged Gerasimus to come with him and try to cure his sick baby. Of course the good man willingly agreed; this was one of the errands which he loved best to do.

"Stay, brother," he commanded Leo, who wanted

to go with him, "stay and watch the foolish donkey." And he went with the man, feeling sure that the lion would be faithful.

Now Leo meant to do his duty, but it was a hot and sleepy day, and he was very tired. He lay down beside the donkey and kept one eye upon him, closing the other one just for a minute. But this is a dangerous thing to do. Before he knew it, the other eye began to wink; and the next moment Leo was sound asleep, snoring with his head on his paws.

Then it was that the silly donkey began to grow restless. He saw a patch of grass just beyond that looked tempting, and he moved over to it. Then he saw a greener spot beyond that, and then another still farther beyond that, till he had taken his silly self a long way off. And just then there came along on his way from Dan to Beersheba, a thief of a Camel Driver, with a band of horses and asses. He saw the donkey grazing there with no one near, and he said to himself, —

"Aha! A fine little donkey. I will add him to my caravan, and no one will be the wiser." And seizing Silly by the halter, he first cut away the water-jar, and then rode off with him as fast as he could gallop.

Now the sound of pattering feet wakened Leo. He jumped up with a roar just in time to see the

Camel Driver's face as he glanced back from the top of the next hill. Leo ran wildly about, sniffing for the donkey; but when he found that he had really disappeared, he knew the Camel Driver must have stolen him. He was terribly angry. He stood by the water-jar and roared and lashed his tail, gnashing his jaws as he remembered the thief's wicked face.

Now, in the midst of his rage, out came Gerasimus. He found Leo roaring and foaming at the mouth, his red-rimmed eyes looking very fierce. And the donkey was gone — only the water-jar lay spilling on the ground. Then Gerasimus made a great mistake. He thought that poor Leo had grown tired of being a vegetarian, of living upon porridge and greens, and had tried fresh donkey-meat for a change.

"Oh, you wicked lion!" he cried, "you have eaten poor Silly. What shall I do to punish you?"

Then Leo roared louder than ever with shame and sorrow. But he could not speak to tell how it had happened. The Saint was very sad. Tears stood in his kind eyes.

"You will have to be donkey now," he said; "you will have to do his part of the work, since he is now a part of you. Come, stand up and let me fasten the water-jar upon your back." He spoke sternly and even switched Leo with his olive stick.

"COME, STAND UP AND LET ME FASTEN THE WATER-JAR UPON YOUR BACK."

Leo had never been treated like this. He was the King of Beasts, and it was shame for a King to do donkey's work. His eyes flashed, and he had half a mind to refuse and to run away. Then he looked at the good man and remembered how he had taken out that cruel thorn. So he hung his head and stood still to be harnessed in the donkey's place.

Slowly and painfully Leo carried the water-jar up the hill. But worse than all it was to feel that his dear master was angry with him. Gerasimus told the story to the other monks; and they were even more angry than he had been, for they did not love Leo so well. They all agreed that Leo must be punished; so they treated him exactly as if he were a mean, silly donkey. They gave him only oats and water to eat, and made him do all Silly's work. They would no longer let him sleep outside his master's door, but they tied him in a lonesome stall in the stable. And now he could not go to walk with Gerasimus, free and happy as the King of Beasts should be. For he went only in harness, with never a kind word from his master's lips.

It was a sad time for Leo. He was growing thinner and thinner. His mane was rough and tangled because he had no heart to keep it smooth. And there were several white hairs in his beautiful whiskers. He was fast becoming melancholy; and the

most pitiful beast in all the world is a melancholy lion. He had been hoping that something would happen to show that it was all a mistake ; but it seemed as though the world was against him, and truth was dead.

It was a sad time for Gerasimus, too ; for he still loved Leo. One day he had to go some distance to a neighboring town to buy provisions. As usual, he took Leo with him to bring back the burden, but they did not speak all the way. Gerasimus did his errands and fastened the baskets on each side of the lion's back. A group of children were standing around watching the queer sight — a lion burdened like a donkey! And they laughed and pointed their fingers at him, making fun of poor Leo.

But suddenly the lion growled and began to lash his tail, quivering like a cat ready to spring on a mouse. The children screamed and ran away, thinking that he was angry with them for teasing him. But it was not that. A train of camels was passing at the moment, and Leo had seen at their head a mean, wicked face which he remembered. And as the last of the caravan went by, Leo caught sight of Silly himself.

At the sound of Leo's growl, Silly pricked up his ears and stood on his fore legs, which is not a graceful position for a donkey. Then the Camel Driver

came running up to see what was the matter with his stolen donkey. But when he came face to face with Leo, whose yellow eyes were glaring terribly, the thief trembled and turned pale; for he remembered the dreadful roar which had followed him that day as he galloped away across the sand holding Silly's halter.

All this time Gerasimus had been wondering what the lion's strange behavior meant. But when he saw Leo seize the donkey's bridle, he began to suspect the truth. He ran up and examined the donkey carefully. Then Leo looked up in his face and growled softly, as if to say, —

"Here is your old donkey, safe and sound. You see I didn't eat him after all. *That* is the real thief," and turning to the Camel Driver, he showed his teeth and looked so fierce that the man hid behind a camel, crying, —

"Take away the lion! Kill the wicked lion!" But Gerasimus seized Silly by the bridle.

"This is my beast," he said, "and I shall lead him home with me. You stole him, Thief, and my noble lion has found you out," and he laid his hand tenderly on Leo's head.

"He is mine, you shall not have him!" cried the Camel Driver, dodging out from behind the camel, and trying to drag the donkey away from Gerasimus.

But with a dreadful roar, Leo sprang upon him, and with his great paw knocked him down and sat upon him.

"Do not hurt him, Leo," said Gerasimus gently. But to the Camel Driver he was very stern.

"Look out, Sir Thief," he said, "how you steal again the donkey of an honest man. Even the yellow beasts of the desert know better than that, and will make you ashamed. Be thankful that you escape so easily."

Then he took the baskets from Leo's back and bound them upon Silly, who was glad to receive them once more from his own master's hands; for the Camel Driver had been cruel to him and had often beaten him. So he resolved never again to stray away, as he had done that unlucky time. And when they were all ready to start, Gerasimus called Leo; and he got up from the chest of the Camel Driver, where he had been sitting all this time, washing his face with his paws and smiling.

"My poor old Leo!" said Gerasimus, with tears in his eyes, "I have made you suffer cruelly for a crime of which you were not guilty. But I will make it up to you."

Then happily the three set out for home; and all the way Gerasimus kept his arm about the neck of his lion.

They had a joyful reception at the monastery on the hill. Of course every one was glad to see poor Silly again; but best of all it was to know that their dear old lion was not a wicked murderer. They petted him and gave him so many good things to eat that he almost burst with fatness. They made him a soft bed; and all the monks took turns in scratching his chin for ten minutes at a time, which was what Leo loved better than anything else in the world.

And so he dwelt happily with the good monks, one of the most honored brothers of the monastery. Always together he and Gerasimus lived and slept and ate and took their walks. And at last after many, many years, they grew old together, and very tired and sleepy. So one night Gerasimus, who had become an Abbot, the head of the monastery, lay gently down to rest, and never woke up in the morning. And the great lion loved him so, that when they laid Saint Gerasimus to sleep under a beautiful plane-tree in the garden, Leo lay down upon the mound moaning and grieving, and would not move. So his faithful heart broke that day; and he, too, slept forever by his dear master's side.

Abridged.

THE SANDPIPER

CELIA THAXTER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry:
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.

He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

THE MAGIC MASK

There was once a great and powerful prince. He had hundreds of soldiers in his army, and with their help he had conquered vast strips of country, over which he ruled. He was wise as well as brave; but, though all men feared his iron will and respected his strong purpose, no one loved him. As he grew older, he became lonely and unhappy; and this made him sterner and colder, and more severe than ever. The lines about his mouth were hard and grim, there was a deep frown on his forehead, and his lips rarely smiled.

Now it happened that in one of the cities over which he had come to rule was a beautiful princess whom he wished to have for his wife. He had watched her for many months as she went about among the people, and he knew that she was as good and kind as she was beautiful. But, because he always wore his armor and his heavy helmet when he rode through his dominions, she had never seen his face.

The day came when he made up his mind that he would ask the lovely princess to come and live in his palace. He put on his royal robes and his golden coronet; but, when he looked at his reflection in the glass, he could see nothing but what would cause fear and dislike. His face looked hard and cruel and stern. He tried to smile; but it seemed an unnatural effort, and he quickly gave it up. Then a happy notion came to him. Sending for the court magician, he said to him,—

"Make for me a mask of the thinnest wax so that it will follow every line of my features, but paint it with your magic paints so that it will look kind and pleasant instead of fierce and stern. Fasten it upon my face so that I shall never have to take it off. Make it as handsome and attractive as your skill can suggest, and I will pay for it any price you choose to ask."

"This I can do," said the court magician, "on one condition only. You must keep your own face in the same lines that I shall paint, or the mask will be ruined. One angry frown, one cruel smile will crack the mask and ruin it forever; nor can I replace it. Will you agree to this?"

The prince had a strong will, and never in his life had he wanted anything so much as he now wanted the princess for his wife.

"Yes," he said, "I agree. Tell me how I may keep the mask from cracking."

"You must train yourself to think kindly thoughts," said the magician, "and, to do this, you must do kindly deeds. You must try to make your kingdom happy rather than great. Whenever you are angry, keep absolutely still until the feeling has gone away. Try to think of ways to make your subjects happier and better. Build schools instead of forts, and hospitals instead of battleships. Be gracious and courteous to all men."

So the wonderful mask was made; and when the prince put it on, no one would have guessed that it was not his true face. The lovely princess, indeed, could find no fault with it, and she came willingly to be his bride in his splendid palace.

The months went on; and, though at first the magic mask was often in danger of being destroyed, the

prince had been as good as his word, and no one had ever discovered that it was false. His subjects, it is true, wondered at his new gentleness and thoughtfulness; but they said, "It is the princess who has made him like herself."

The prince, however, was not quite happy. When the princess smiled her approval of his forbearance and goodness, he used to wish that he had never deceived her with the magic mask. At last he could bear it no longer, and, summoning the magician, he bade him remove the false face.

"If I do, your Royal Highness," protested the magician, "I can never make another. You must wear your own face as long as you live."

"Better so," cried the prince, "than to deceive one whose love and trust I value so greatly. Better even that she should despise me than that I should go on doing what is unworthy for her sake."

Then the magician took off the mask, and the prince in fear and anguish of heart sought his reflection in the glass. As he looked, his eyes brightened and his lips curved into a radiant smile; for the ugly lines were gone, the frown had disappeared, and his face was molded in the exact likeness of the mask he had worn so long. And, when he came into the presence of his wife, she saw only the familiar features of the prince she loved.

EVENING AT THE FARM

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

Over the hill the farm-boy goes.
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling; —
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough,
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling; —

NOW TO HER TASK THE MILKMAID GOES.

The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cowboy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling; —
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail
flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling, —
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

JOG ON, JOG ON, THE FOOT-PATH WAY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

The Winter's Tale, Act iv, Sc. 3.

THE TWO TRAVELERS

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON

Two friends, Ganem and Salem, were journeying together, when they came to a broad stream at the foot of a hill. The woods were near at hand, and the shade was so welcome after the heat of the desert that they halted here to rest. After they had eaten and slept, they arose to go on, when they discovered near at hand a white stone, upon which was written in curious lettering this inscription: —

Travelers, we have prepared an excellent banquet for your refreshment; but you must be bold and deserve it before you can obtain it. What you are to do is this: throw yourselves bravely into the stream and swim to the other side. You will find there a lion carved from marble. This statue you must lift upon your shoulders and, with one run, carry to the top of yonder mountain, never heeding the thorns which prick your feet nor the wild beasts that may be lurking in the bushes to devour you. When once you have gained the top of the mountain, you will find yourselves in possession of great happiness.

Ganem was truly delighted when he read these words.

"See, Salem," he cried, "here lies the road which will lead us to the end of all our travels and labor. Let us start at once, and see if what the stone says be true."

Salem, however, was of another mind.

"Perhaps," he made answer, "this writing is but the jest of some idle beggar. Perhaps the current of the stream runs too swiftly for any man to swim it. Perhaps the lion is too heavy to carry, even if it be there. It is almost impossible that anyone could reach the top of yonder mountain in one run. Take my word, it is not worth while to attempt any such mad venture. I, for one, will have no part in it."

Nevertheless, Ganem was not to be discouraged.

"My mind is fully made up to try it," he replied, "and if you will not go with me, I must go alone."

So the two friends embraced, and Salem rode off on his camel.

He was scarcely out of sight before Ganem had stripped off his clothes and thrown himself into the stream. He soon found that he was in the midst of a whirlpool, but he kept bravely on and at last reached the other side in safety. When he had rested a few moments on the beach, he lifted the marble lion with one mighty effort, and with one run reached the top of the mountain.

Here he saw to his great surprise that he was

standing before the gates of a beautiful city. He was gazing at it in admiration, when strange roars came from the inside of the lion on his shoulder. The roaring grew louder and louder, until finally the turrets of the city were trembling and the mountain-sides reëchoing with the tumult. Then Ganem saw to his astonishment that great crowds of people were pouring out of the city gates. They did not seem afraid of the noise, for they all wore smiling faces. As they came nearer, Ganem saw that they were led by a group of young noblemen, who held by the rein a prancing black charger. Slowly they advanced and knelt before Ganem, saying, —

"Brave stranger, we beseech thee to put on these regal robes which we are bringing, and, mounted upon this charger, ride back with thy subjects to the city."

Ganem, who could scarcely believe his ears, begged them to explain to him the meaning of these honors, and the noble youths replied, —

"Whenever our king dies, we place upon the stone by the river the inscription which you have read. Then we wait patiently until a traveler passes by who is brave enough to undertake the bold venture. Thus we are always assured that our king is a man who is fearless of heart and dauntless of purpose. We crown you to-day King over our city."

A Bidpai Fable.

THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number, he selected one, and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book, which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest stepped over it, showing that he was orderly; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding. When I talked to him, I noticed that his clothing was tidy, his hair neatly brushed, and his finger nails clean. Do you not call these things letters of recommendation? I do."

TO-DAY

THOMAS CARLYLE

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
  This new day was born;
Into Eternity
  At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

THE ENCHANTED HORSE

AN ARABIAN NIGHTS' TALE

I

New Year's Day is a great feast day in Persia. On one of these feast days the Emperor of Persia was seated on his throne in the midst of his people, when a Hindu appeared leading a strange horse. At first sight the horse looked like any other horse, except that it was very handsome and bore a very costly saddle and bridle. But, on looking more closely, one saw that it was not a live horse, but one that had been very artfully made by man. The Hindu knelt before the throne and pointed to the horse.

"This horse," he said to the Emperor, "is a great wonder. If I mount him, I can make him go through the air to any place I choose, and he will go in a very short time. No one has ever seen such a wonder, and I have brought him here to show to you. If you wish, I will show you what he can do."

The Emperor was very fond of strange things, and he was much pleased at such a sight. So he told the Hindu to mount his horse. The Hindu did so, and asked where he was to ride.

"Do you see that far-off mountain?" said the

Emperor. "Ride your horse there, and bring me a branch of a palm-tree that grows at the foot of it."

No sooner had the Emperor said this than the Hindu turned a peg which was in the horse's neck near the saddle, and away went the horse into the air and straight toward the mountain. The Emperor and all the people gazed after him till the horse was a mere speck. Then he was out of sight. But in a quarter of an hour the horse had come back. The Hindu got off his back and came to the throne with the palm-branch in his hand.

The Emperor offered at once to buy the horse.

"I will sell him," said the Hindu, "if you will pay me my price."

"And what is your price?" asked the Emperor.

"If you will give me your daughter for a wife, you may have my horse."

At this all the people laughed aloud, but the son of the Emperor was very angry.

"Do not listen to the wretch," said the Prince. "This juggler to come into the family of the greatest of kings!"

"I will not grant him what he asks," said the Emperor. "Perhaps he does not mean really to ask such a price, and I have another bargain to propose. But before I say anything more, I should like to have you try the horse yourself."

"WHY DID YOU NOT CALL TO HIM WHEN YOU SAW HIM GOING?"

The Hindu was quite willing and ran forward to help the Prince mount, and to show him how to manage the horse. But the Prince was too quick for him and sprang into the saddle without aid, turned the peg, and away they flew. In a few moments neither Prince nor Enchanted Horse was to be seen.

The Hindu flung himself at the feet of the throne and begged the Emperor not to be angry with him.

"Why did you not call to him when you saw him going?" said the Emperor.

"Sire," said he, "you yourself saw how quickly he went. I was so taken by surprise that I lost my wits; and when I came to my senses he was out of sight and hearing. But, sire, let us hope that the Prince may find the other peg. If he turns that, the horse will come back to earth again."

"Even if my son does find the other peg," said the Emperor, "how do we know that the horse may not come down in the middle of the sea?"

"Be at ease about that," said the Hindu. "The horse crosses seas without ever falling into them, and he will obey the rider who turns the peg."

"That may be," said the Emperor. "But know that unless my son does come home safe, or I hear that he is alive and well, you shall lose your head." And so he bade the officers shut up the Hindu in prison.

II

Now when the Prince turned the key on the neck of the Enchanted Horse, horse and rider flew through the air like the wind. Up and up they went; and, as the horse was not a real horse, it did not get tired and stop. The Prince did not know what to do. He turned the peg backward, but that did not stop the horse. Then he began to search for another peg, and at last he found a small peg behind the ear. He turned that, and at once the horse began to move toward the earth.

They did not go back as swiftly as they went up. It grew dark, and the Prince did not know where they would alight. He could do nothing, so he let the reins lie on the neck of the horse and sat still.

At last he felt the earth beneath the horse's feet. The horse stopped; and the Prince got off, cold and stiff and very hungry. He looked about him as well as he could in the middle of the night, and saw that they were before the door of a palace.

The door stood ajar, and the Prince went in. He found himself in a hall lighted by a dim lamp.

There, fast asleep, were some soldiers, with swords by their side. They were there to guard some one; and, as another door stood open, the Prince passed

through into the inner room. There he saw lying on a couch a most beautiful woman, asleep; and about her, also asleep, were her maids.

The Prince knelt by the side of the couch and gazed at the fair creature. Then he gently twitched her sleeve, and she awoke. Her eyes fell on the Prince kneeling there; but she showed no fear, for, as soon as her eyes opened, he said,—

"Beautiful Princess, I am the Prince of Persia. I have come here by a very strange way, and I ask you to protect me. I do not know where I am, but I know no harm can come to me when I see before me so fair a Princess."

"You are in the kingdom of Bengal," she replied, "and I am the daughter of the King. I am living in my own palace in the country. You may be sure that no harm will come to you. If you have come from Persia, you have come a long way and must be hungry and tired. I am very curious to know how you came, but first you shall have food and sleep."

Then the Princess called her maids, and they awoke and wondered much at what they saw. At the command of the Princess they led the Prince into a hall, where they gave him food and drink. Then they led him to a room where he could sleep, and left him.

As soon as it was light, the Princess of Bengal arose and dressed herself in the most splendid robes she had. She put on her finest things and wore her most precious rings and bracelets. Indeed, she quite tired out her maids, making them bring her one beautiful thing after another before she could make up her mind what to wear. When she was at last ready, she sent word to the Prince that she would receive him.

Now the Prince had slept well, and had risen and dressed himself. So when the Princess sent for him, he went at once into her presence and made a low bow and thanked her for the honor she had done him. He then gave her an account of the strange way in which he had come, and said that he would now mount his horse and go back to Persia; for his royal father must be in great pain, not knowing where his son might be.

"Nay," said the Princess, "you must not go so soon. I wish to show you the glories of Bengal, that you may tell something of what you have seen in the court of Persia."

The Prince could not refuse such a request, and thus he became the guest of the Princess.

Each day some new sport or feast was had. They hunted; they had music; they saw games and plays; and the time went swiftly by.

III

But when two months had thus been spent, the Prince could put off his return no longer, and said as much to the Princess. It was indeed much harder for him now to go, for each had come to care greatly for the other. The Prince had often ridden the Enchanted Horse to show the Princess what he could do; and now, when the time was come for him to take leave, he said boldly,—

"You see, dear Princess, what a wonderful horse this is, and how perfectly I can manage him. Will you not trust yourself to me? We will ride together to my home. My father will be rejoiced to see me, and will welcome you. We will be married at the Court of Persia, and all will be well."

The Princess of Bengal was not loath to go; and so, in the early morning, when no one was awake, she made herself ready. The Prince and the Princess got up on the Enchanted Horse; the Prince placed the horse with his head toward Persia and turned the peg. Off they went, and in two hours they reached the capital.

They stopped outside of the town at a country house belonging to the Prince. There the Prince bade his servants care for the Princess, and he himself went on to the palace. His father was overjoyed

to see him; and, after he had gazed his fill at his son's face, he wished to know all about the Hindu's horse, and what had happened.

The Prince told him all, and dwelt upon the great kindness which had been shown him in Bengal. He ended by telling the King how he had brought the Princess on the Enchanted Horse with him, and begged that he might be permitted to marry her; for the kingdom of Persia was more powerful than Bengal, and the Princess was not equal to him in rank.

The King gladly gave his consent, and bade the Prince go at once and fetch the Princess. He sent for the Hindu also out of prison and said to him,—

"I put you in prison while my son was in danger. Now he has returned, and I set you free. Take your horse and begone. Never let me see your face again."

Now the Hindu had heard of what had happened, and how the Prince had gone to fetch the Princess. He mounted his horse at once and went straight to the country house. He reached the place before the Prince, and told the Captain of the Guard that he had been sent by the King to fetch the Princess on the Enchanted Horse. The Captain of the Guard readily believed him, as did the Princess, who got up on the horse behind the Hindu.

The Hindu did indeed ride through the air to the palace, but he did not alight. He stayed too high up to be reached by any bow and arrow, but where the King and his court could see him with the Princess. The King was beside himself with rage, but he could do nothing. The Hindu mocked at him and then rode off with the Princess, no one knew where.

The Prince was far more beside himself than the King; for he knew how lovely the Princess was, and here was she snatched away from him in this cruel way. He went to the country house, borne down with grief, that he might be where the Princess last had been. The Captain of the Guard fell at his feet and besought him to pardon him.

"Rise," said the Prince, "and let us not waste our time in vain reproaches. I must at once set forth to seek my Princess. Do you obtain for me the dress of a pilgrim, and let no one know what I am to do."

The Captain did as he was bid, and the Prince pulled off his own dress and put on the disguise. He took a box of jewels with him and set off in search of the Princess.

IV

Now the Hindu had ridden with the Princess until he came to the Vale of Cashmere. Here he

let the Enchanted Horse come to the ground, but he did not at once enter the city. He told the Princess he meant to have her for wife; and when she would not consent, he began to beat her. She cried out for help; and, as good luck would have it, the Sultan of Cashmere was near at hand with some of his court. He saw the Hindu raise his hand to beat the Princess, and he stopped him and asked, —

"Why do you beat this woman?"

"Because she is my wife and will not obey me. May a man not beat his own wife?"

"I am not his wife," cried the Princess. "Sir, I do not know who you are, but I am a Princess of Bengal. This man is a wicked magician who stole me away just as I was to marry the Prince of Persia, and this is the Enchanted Horse on which he brought me."

The Sultan could not help believing so beautiful a woman, and he at once bade his officers cut off the Hindu's head and led the Princess back with him to the palace. She was overjoyed and thought he would now restore her to the Prince of Persia. The Sultan said nothing, but placed her in the hands of the women of the palace and had her beautifully dressed.

The Princess heard the trumpets sounding and the drums beating. She thought that this was a

notice of her return. But soon the Sultan entered and told her to make ready to marry him; that they should be married at once, for he had never before seen anyone so beautiful, and he was sure he never should again.

The Princess was in despair at this and threw herself down in her grief. She fainted; and when she came to herself and saw how she was in the power of the Sultan, she made believe that she had lost her mind, and began to talk in a wild, crazy manner. The Sultan could do nothing with her, so he left her in the care of the women.

V

Day after day went by, and the Princess was no better. The Sultan sent far and wide for wise men and doctors, but no one could cure the Princess. All Cashmere heard of this strange affair, and so the news came to the ears of a Pilgrim who one day came to the capital. The Pilgrim was no other than the Prince of Persia, and he went straight to the Sultan.

"I am come," he said, "because I have heard of the sad fate that has befallen the Princess of Bengal, whom you were to wed. I am a wise man, and I know of a cure."

"It cannot be," said the Sultan. "The Princess

loses her wits still more when a wise man comes into her presence."

"I must see her, and see her alone," said the Pilgrim. "I am sure I can cure her."

So the Sultan, who was glad of one more hope, led the Pilgrim to the door of the room where the Princess was, and stood back. The Princess did not know the Prince in his disguise and flew at him. But the Prince, when he was near her, said in a low voice, —

"I am not a Pilgrim. I am the Prince of Persia, come to set you free. Do as I tell you."

At once the Princess became quiet, and the Sultan was overjoyed at the sign of better health. The Pilgrim stayed a short time in the room and then went away. Each day he visited the Princess, and each day she grew a little better. The Sultan thought nothing too good for the Pilgrim. At last the Pilgrim said to the Sultan, —

"Only one thing remains to complete the cure of the Princess. She came here on the Enchanted Horse. Now the charm of the horse has passed over into the Princess, and we must rid her of it in the presence of the horse. I have a strange incense which I will burn, and that will dispel the last remnant of her disease. Let the Enchanted Horse be brought to-morrow into the great court of the city,

and let the Princess, clad in her most costly raiment, stand by the side of the horse."

The Sultan bade his servants do as the Pilgrim gave orders, and all the people in the city were met to see the strange cure of the Princess. As they all stood watching, the Pilgrim lighted the incense; and a great smoke arose, which shut out the Enchanted Horse, the Princess, and the Pilgrim.

In a little while the smoke cleared away. There on the ground lay the dress of a Pilgrim; high up in the air was the Enchanted Horse, and on it were the Princess and a Prince. The head of the horse was turned towards Persia.

WHO WROTE THE ARABIAN NIGHTS?

DONALD G. MITCHELL

Who wrote the stories? Who knows? It seems very odd that a book should be made, and no one able to tell when it was made. Yet it is even so with the book we are talking of.

More than two hundred years ago, a learned Frenchman traveling in the East found an old manuscript written in Arabic, the language of Arabia. He translated it into French; and when he returned

to France, he published it. It was called "The Thousand and One Nights." The fine ladies of the king's court — those of them who could read — all devoured the book; and the schoolboys throughout France all came to know the wonderful stories of Aladdin and Ali Baba.

But why came that title of "The Thousand and One Nights"? I will tell you why; and in telling you why, I shall tell you a story; and this is the way it runs: —

Once there lived a wicked Sultan of Persia, whose name was Schahriar; and he had many wives.

Well, this old Schahriar found that his wives were faithless and deceitful; and he vowed that he would cut off all chance of their sinning by making an end of them. So it happened that whatever new wife he married one day, he killed upon the next.

You will think the brides were foolish to marry him; but all women of the East were slaves and subject to whatever orders the Sultan might make.

Now, it happened that this old Schahriar had a vizier, or chief officer, under him, who executed all his murderous orders, and who was horrified by the cruelties he had to commit. And this same vizier had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, who was even more horrified than her father; and she

plotted how she might stay the bloody actions of the Schahriar.

She could gain no access to him, and could hope to win no influence over him, except by becoming his bride. But, if she became his bride, she would have but one day to live. So, at least, thought her sisters and her father. She, of course, found it very hard to win the consent of her father to her plan; but at last she succeeded, and so arranged matters that the Schahriar should command her to be his bride.

The fatal marriage day came, and the vizier was in an agony of grief and alarm. The morning after the marriage he awaited the usual order for the execution of the bride; but, to his amazement and relief, the order was postponed to the following day.

This bride, whose name was Scheherazade, was most beguiling of speech, and a most charming story teller. And on the day of her marriage she had commenced the telling of a most fascinating story to her husband, the Schahriar; and had so artfully timed it and measured out its length that, when the hour came for the Sultan to set about his cares of office, she should be at its most interesting stage.

The Sultan had been so beguiled by the charm of her tale, and so eager to know how it would end,

that he put off the execution in order to hear the rest of the story on the following night.

And so rich was the narration and so great was the art of the Princess Scheherazade that she kept alive the curiosity and wonder of the Sultan — day after day, and week after week, and month after month — until her fascinating stories had lasted for a thousand and one nights.

If you count up these, you will find that they make a period of two years and nine months — during which she had stayed the order for her execution.

In the mean time she had so won her husband that he abolished his cruel order forever — on condition that from time to time she should tell over again those enchanting stories. And the stories she told on those thousand and one nights, and which have been recited since in every language of Europe, thousands and thousands of times, are the Tales of the Arabian Nights.

If this account is not true in all particulars, it is at least as true as the stories are.

Adapted.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

It was a hundred years ago,
When, by the woodland ways,
The traveler saw the wild-deer drink,
Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
And fenced a cottage from the wind,
A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs
The evening moonlight lay,
And no man knew the secret haunts
In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
A spot of silvery white,
That seemed to glimmer like a star
In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whippoorwill,
She cropped the sprouting leaves,

"It were a sin," she said, "to harm
Or fright that friendly deer."

And here her rustling steps were heard
On still October eves.

But when the broad midsummer moon
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
To aim the rifle here;
"It were a sin," she said, "to harm
Or fright that friendly deer.

"This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years and more;
And ever, when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.

"The red-men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago;
They never raise the war-whoop here,
And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds;
And think that all is well
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where, deep in silence and in moss,
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve
Shone with a mingling light;
The deer, upon the grassy mead,
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away, into the neighboring wood,
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As brightly as before;

The deer upon the grassy mead
  Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was old,
  By night the red-men came,
And burnt the cottage to the ground,
  And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
  And hid the cliffs from sight;
There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
  And prowls the fox at night.

THE BLUE JAY

OLIVE THORNE MILLER

I. THE BIRD ROOM

When I began to be interested in birds, I lived in a city where not many beside English sparrows were to be seen. I wanted to know something about our common birds; moreover, I never looked into a bird store without longing to set every poor little captive free.

So I set up a Bird Room. Every fall, for several years, I went around to the bird stores in New York

and Brooklyn, and bought all the stray American birds I could find. The dealers did not make a business of keeping our common birds, and now it is against the law to do so. They usually kept only such birds as canaries, parrots, and other regular cage birds; but occasionally they would have a robin or bluebird or oriole tucked off in a corner, and these birds were the ones I bought. In one store I would find a catbird moping on a high shelf, or in a dark back room; in another a bluebird scared half to death, and dumb in the midst of squawking parrots and singing canaries.

In this way I collected in my Bird Room eight or ten — usually — of our native birds, and always in pairs when I could get them. I put each one in a big cage and left the doors open all day, so that they had the freedom of a large room with three big windows and plenty of perches all about.

Then I gave almost the whole of my time to taking care of them, and studying their ways through the winter; and as soon as spring came, and birds began to come back from the south, I took my little captives, — those who were able to fly, and I thought could take care of themselves, — carried them out into the country or a big park, and set them free. Then the next fall I found a new set for my Bird Room, to be liberated again as soon as it was safe.

I took such good care of the birds, gave them so many things they liked, made them so comfortable, and let them have such good easy lives, that almost every one was happy, and perfectly contented to stay with me through the winter, when times are sometimes hard for them out of doors. Then, when they began to get uneasy in the spring, I let them go — as I said.

I have explained thus carefully about my Bird Room because I do not approve of keeping wild birds in cages, and I never had one caught or caged for me, not even for study. Every one I ever kept was set free as soon as it was safe for him.

II. JAKIE, THE BLUE JAY

One of the most interesting birds who ever lived in my Bird Room was a blue jay named Jakie. He was full of business from morning till night, scarcely ever a moment still.

Poor little fellow! He had been stolen from the nest before he could fly, and reared in a house, long before he was given to me. Of course he could not be set free, for he did not know how to take care of himself.

Jays are very active birds; and being shut up in a room, my blue jay had to find things to do, to keep himself busy. If he had been allowed to grow

up out of doors, he would have found plenty to do, planting acorns and nuts, nesting, and bringing up families.

Sometimes the things he did in the house were what we call mischief because they annoy us, such as hammering the woodwork to pieces, tearing bits out of the leaves of books, working holes in chair seats, or pounding a cardboard box to pieces. But how is a poor little bird to know what is mischief?

Many things which Jakie did were very funny. For instance, he made it his business to clear up the room. When he had more food than he could eat at the moment, he did not leave it around, but put it away carefully,—not in the garbage pail, for that was not in the room, but in some safe nook where it did not offend the eye. Sometimes it was behind the tray in his cage, or among the books on the shelf. The places he liked best were about me,—in the fold of a ruffle or the loop of a bow on my dress, and sometimes in the side of my slipper. The very choicest place of all was in my loosely bound hair. That of course I could not allow, and I had to keep very close watch of him for fear I might have a bit of bread or meat thrust among my locks. In his clearing up he always went carefully over the floor, picking up pins or any little thing he could find, and I often dropped burnt matches, but-

tons, and other small things, to give him something to do. These he would pick up and put nicely away.

Pins, Jakie took lengthwise in his beak; and at first I thought he had swallowed them, till I saw him hunt up a proper place to hide them. The place he chose was between the leaves of a book. He would push a pin far in out of sight, and then go after another. A match he always tried to put in a crack, under the baseboard, between the breadths of matting, or under my rockers. He first placed it, and then tried to hammer it in out of sight. He could seldom get it in far enough to suit him, and this worried him. Then he would take it out and try another place.

Once the blue jay found a good match, of the parlor match variety. He put it between the breadths of matting, and then began to pound on it as usual. Pretty soon he hit the unburnt end, and it went off with a loud crack, as parlor matches do. Poor Jakie jumped two feet into the air, nearly frightened out of his wits; and I was frightened, too, for I feared he might set the house on fire.

Often when I got up from my chair, a shower of the bird's playthings would fall from his various hiding places about my dress — nails, matches, shoe-buttons, bread-crumbs, and other things. Then he had to begin his work all over again.

Jakie liked a small ball or a marble. His game was to give it a hard peck and see it roll. If it rolled away from him, he ran after it and pecked again; but sometimes it rolled toward him, and then he bounded into the air as if he thought it would bite. And what was funny, he was always offended at this conduct of the ball, and went off sulky for a while.

He was a timid little fellow. Wind or storm outside the windows made him wild. He would fly around the room, squawking at the top of his voice; and the horrible tin horns the boys liked to blow at Thanksgiving and Christmas drove him frantic. Once I brought a Christmas tree into the room to please the birds, and all were delighted with it except my poor little blue jay, who was much afraid of it. Think of the sadness of a bird being afraid of a tree!

Jakie had decided opinions about people who came into the room to see me, or to see the birds. At some persons he would squawk every moment. Others he saluted with a queer cry like "Ob-ble! ob-ble! ob-ble!" Once when a lady came in with a baby, he fixed his eyes on that infant with a savage look as if he would like to peck it, and jumped back and forth in his cage, panting, but perfectly silent.

Jakie was very devoted to me. He always greeted

me with a low, sweet chatter, with wings quivering; and, if he were out of the cage, he would come on the back of my chair and touch my cheek or lips very gently with his beak, or offer me a bit of food if he had any; and to me alone, when no one else was near, he sang a low, exquisite song. I afterwards heard a similar song sung by a wild blue jay to his mate while she was sitting, and so I knew that my dear little captive had given me his sweetest — his love song.

One of Jakie's amusements was dancing across the back of a tall chair, taking funny little steps, coming down hard, "jouncing" his body, and whistling as loud as he could. He would keep up this funny performance as long as anybody would stand before him and pretend to dance too.

My jay was fond of a sensation. One of his dearest bits of fun was to drive the birds into a panic. This he did by flying furiously around the room, feathers rustling, and squawking as loud as he could. He usually managed to fly just over the head of each bird; and, as he came like a catapult, every one flew before him, so that in a minute the room was full of birds flying madly about, trying to get out of his way. This gave him great pleasure.

Once a grasshopper got into the Bird Room, probably brought in clinging to some one's dress in the

way grasshoppers do. Jakie was in his cage, but he noticed the stranger instantly, and I opened the door for him. He went at once to look at the grasshopper; and when it hopped, he was so startled that he hopped too. Then he picked the insect up; but he did not know what to do with it, so he dropped it again. Again the grasshopper jumped directly up, and again the jay did the same. This they did over and over, till everyone was tired laughing at them. It looked as if they were trying to see who could jump the highest.

There was another bird in the room, however, who knew what grasshoppers were good for. He was an orchard oriole; and, after looking on awhile, he came down and carried off the hopper to eat. The jay did not like to lose his plaything; he ran after the thief, and stood on the floor giving low cries and looking on while the oriole on a chair was eating the dead grasshopper. When the oriole happened to drop it, Jakie — who had got a new idea what to do with grasshoppers — snatched it up and carried it under a chair and finished it.

Abridged.

TO A SPARROW

JOHN P. SJOLANDER

Ha! there you are. You do not seem to know,
Or if you know it, do not seem to care
How cold the wind is, or the earth how bare,
But keep on scratching, scratching, heel and toe.
You must find something that is good below
The dead leaves and the grass, to keep you there.
Ho! coming out, and singing, I declare!
And all the earth is bare, and cold winds blow.

O little friend, you are about — so long,
And just about — yes, just about — so high.
Oh! with a trust like yours in heart so true,
And with the faith you have, so great and strong,
Were you as big — nay, half as big — as I,
What wondrous things were possible for you!

DEB

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

I

"I wonder," said Deb. And she did wonder, very much. What about? I think that she hardly knew herself. She only knew that she wondered — and wondered.

All the world was a wonder, — the great, soft, shining snow-drift that curled up against the fence opposite her window; the beautiful whirlpool that the snow made when the wind was up; the ice in the streets, and the little girls that tripped on it, and the little boys that did n't; the cross grocer who brought flour and beans into Brick Alley every morning; the pleasant baker who sometimes tossed her up a seed-cake through the window; the factory-girls with the little pink bows on their nets, who strolled by in the evening after mills were out, and laughed so that she could hear them quite plainly, or sang a little, — and she could hear that quite plainly too; the skies when they made faces at her through the square top of the alley, — gray and silver and blue faces, or flame-colored and gold faces, or black faces, or faces crowned all about

with stars; the river too, all that she could see of it, and that was just a crack away between two houses, and a crack of slope that banked it in.

In winter the slope was shining white, and in summer it was shining green; and as for the crack of a river, sometimes that was white too, and sometimes it was green or purple or gray or blue; and sometimes it tossed about, and sometimes it was as still as Deb herself. That was all she knew about the river. And so she wondered.

But most of all she wondered about the bells. The town was full of bells. There were bells in the streets, and bells, she had heard, to the mills, and bells, she thought, to the river too; but all the bells that she knew about belonged to the grocer and the baker, and these she had never done very much more than wonder at, after all, for they were two stories down in the yard, and she was in her high chair by the window.

Now this, you see, was why Deb wondered. She never got out of that high chair by the window, except to get into her bed. And she never had been anywhere in all her life except into that chair and into bed. And she was fifteen years old.

The bed and the chair and the window were all that Deb had, except a mother, and she was busy and worried and hurried and sick and anxious and

poor, — very poor, and the room was full of children who could run out to see the bells and knew all about the river, and who never wondered; so, when she had put Deb out of her bed into her chair, or out of her chair into her bed, she thought no more about her.

Deb was not ugly to see, — except for the curve in her poor shoulders, and her little soft, white, withered feet that hung down useless from her high chair. In the face, Deb was not ugly at all to see. She had soft hair, and her cheeks were white and clean, and her eyes had grown so large and blue with fifteen years full of wonder, that, if you were once to see them, you would never forget them as long as you lived.

In the daytime Deb shut her eyes and tried to think what it would be like to run about with the children who did not wonder; to see streets, or a crowd, or a church-spire, or a funeral, or people going to a wedding, and other strange things of which the children who did not wonder talked to each other; and which, because her eyes were shut, she saw or seemed to see, and yet always knew that she never saw at all.

At night she liked to open her eyes, and to lie with them open a long, late time, after the children who did not wonder were asleep. She liked to open

her eyes at night, because then the two things that she liked best happened,—the dark and the bells.

It seemed, indeed, that, the darker it was, the more bells there were always. First, there were the mill-bells, in the early winter dusk; they rang very hard and very merrily, to let the factory-girls go home to put the little pink bows upon their nets. Then there were church-bells. Sometimes there were fire-bells, that shrieked at Deb out of a yellow sky and frightened her. At nine o'clock, when it was darkest, Deb heard the closest, pleasantest, awfullest bell of all. This was the great Androscoggin bell, the largest in New England.

Deb held her breath—every night she held her breath—to listen to this bell. It was more like a voice than a bell. Sometimes the little cripple thought it cried. Sometimes she thought it prayed. But she never heard it laugh. The streets, the river, the crowd, weddings, funerals, church-spires, all the strange things that Deb in the daytime saw with her eyes shut, came, or seemed to come, at night, when her eyes were open, and talk to her out of the solemn Androscoggin bell.

II

The solemn Androscoggin bell was ringing the mill-girls in by broad sunlight one noon, when there

came a knock at the door, and behind it a young lady. Deb was startled by the knock, and frightened by the young lady. It was not often that visitors came to Brick Alley, and it was still less often that Brick Alley had a visitor who knocked.

This was a young lady for whom Deb's mother did fine washing. Deb's mother wiped her hands and a chair, and the young lady sat down. She was a straight young lady with strong feet, and long brown feathers in her hat, and soft brown gloves upon her hands.

She had come, she said, with that Cluny set which she found that she should need for a party this very night; indeed, she was in so much haste for it that she had hunted Deb's mother up, — which was a matter of some difficulty, as she had never had the least idea where she lived before, and how crooked the stairs were; but the lace was very yellow, — as she saw, — and would she be sure to have it done by nine o'clock to-night? and —

And then, turning her head suddenly, the straight young lady saw poor crooked Deb in her high chair, with the wonder in her eyes.

"Dear me!" said the straight young lady.

"I wonder if I frightened her," thought Deb. But she only wondered, and did not speak.

"Is this your —"

"Yes," said Deb's mother, "the oldest. Fifteen. I'll try my best, ma'am, but I don't know as I'd ought to promise." She spoke in a business-like tone, and turned the Cluny lace — a dainty collar and a pair of soft cuffs — about in her hands in a business-like way. A breath of some kind of scented wood struck, in a little gust, against Deb's face. She wondered how people could weave sweet smells into a piece of lace, and if the young lady knew; or if she knew how much pleasanter it was than the onions that Mrs. McMahoney cooked for dinner every day in the week but Sunday, upon the first floor.

"Fifteen!" repeated the young lady, standing up very straight, and looking very sorry. "How long has she been — like — that?"

"Born so," said Deb's mother. "She's just set in that chair ever since she's been big enough to set at all. Would you try gum on these, miss?"

"But you never told me that you had a crippled child!" The young lady said this quickly. "You have washed for me three years, and never told me that you had a crippled child!"

"You never asked me, miss," said Deb's mother.

The young lady made no reply. She came and sat down on the edge of Deb's bed, close beside Deb's chair. She seemed to have forgotten all

about her Cluny lace. She took Deb's hand up between her two soft brown gloves, and her long brown feathers drooped and touched Deb's cheek. Deb hardly breathed; the feathers and the gloves, and the sweet smells of scented woods, and the young lady's sorry eyes — such very sorry eyes! — were so close to the high chair.

"Fifteen years!" repeated the young lady, very low. "In that chair — and nobody ever — poor little girl, poor little girl!

"But you could ride!" said the young lady, suddenly.

"I don't know, ma'am," said Deb. "I never saw anybody ride but the grocer and the baker. I'm not like the grocer and the baker."

"You could be lifted, I mean," said the young lady, eagerly. "There is somebody who lifts you?"

"Mother sets me generally," said Deb. "Once when she was very bad with a lame ankle Jim McMahoney set me. He's first floor — Jim McMahoney."

"I shall be back here," said the young lady, still speaking very quickly, but speaking to Deb's mother now, "in just an hour. I shall come in an easy sleigh with warm robes. If you will have your daughter ready to take a ride with me, I shall be very much obliged to you."

The young lady finished her sentence as if she did n't know what to say, and so said the truest thing she could think of, — which is what we are all in danger of doing at times.

"Well, I 'm sure!" said Deb's mother. "Dabittra, tell the lady — "

III

But Dabittra could not tell the lady, for she was already out of the door, and down stairs, and away into the street. And indeed Deb could not have told the lady — has never told the lady — can never tell the lady.

If all the blue of summer skies and the gold of summer sunlight and the shine of summer stars fell down into your hands at once, for you to paint scrap-books with, should you know what to say?

Into the poor little scrap-book of Deb's life the colors of Heaven dropped and blinded her, on that bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride.

In just an hour the sleigh was there, with the easiest cushions, and the warmest robes, and bells, — the merriest bells! — and the straight young lady. And Jim McMahoney was there, and he carried her down stairs to "set" her. And her mother was there, and wrapped her all about in an old red shawl, for Deb had no "things," like other little girls. The

young lady had remembered that, and she had brought the prettiest little white hood that Deb ever saw, and Deb's face looked like a bruised day-lily bud between the shining wool, but Deb could not see that; and Mrs. McMahoney was there, paring onions at the door, to wish her good luck; and all the little McMahoneys were there, and all the children who did not wonder, and the grocer turned in at the alley corner, and the baker stopped as he turned out, and everybody stood and smiled to see her start.

The white horse pawed the snow and held up his head, — Deb had never seen such a horse, — and the young lady gathered the reins into her brown gloves, and the sleigh-bells cried for joy, — how they cried! — and away they went, and Deb was out of the alley in a minute, and the people in the alley hurrahed, and hurrahed, and hurrahed to see her go.

That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride! How warm the little white hood was! how the cushions sank beneath her, and the fur robes opened like feathers to the touch of her poor thin hands! How the bells sang to her, and the snow-drifts blinked at her, and the icicles and the slated roofs and sky, and the people's faces smiled at her!

"What is the matter?" asked the young lady; for Deb drew the great gray wolf's robe over her face

and head, and sat so, for a minute, still and hidden. The young lady thought that she was frightened.

"But I only want to cry a little!" said Deb's little smothered voice. "I must cry a little first!"

When she had cried a little, she held up her head, and the shine of her pretty white hood grew faint beside the shine of her eyes and cheeks. That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride!

Streets and a crowd and church-spires were in it, — yes, and a wedding and a funeral too; all that Deb had seen in her high chair in the daytime, with her eyes shut, she saw in the sleigh on that ride, with her happy eyes open wide.

She sat very still. The young lady did not talk to her, and she did not talk to the young lady. They rode and rode. The horse held up his head. It seemed to Deb that he was flying. In and out of the merry streets, through and through the singing bells, about and about the great church-spires, — all over and over and over the laughing town. They rode to the river, and the young lady stopped the white horse, so that Deb could look across, and up and down, at the shining stream and the shining bank.

"There 's so much of it!" said Deb, softly, thinking of the crack of it that she had seen between two houses for fifteen years.

They rode to the mills, and Deb trembled to look up at their frowning walls, and to meet their hundred eyes, for the windows stared like eyes; but some of the girls who wore the little pink bows, and who knew her, came nodding to look down out of them, and she left off trembling to laugh; then in a minute she trembled again, for all at once, without any warning, great Androscoggin pealed the time just over her head, and swallowed her up in sound.

They turned away from Androscoggin without speaking, and rode and rode. Daylight dimmed and dusk dropped, and see! all the town blazed with lights. They rode and rode to see the lights. Deb could not speak — there were so many lights.

And still she could not speak when they rode into Brick Alley, and Jim McMahoney and her mother and the children who did not wonder came out to meet her, and take her back to her high chair.

She was too happy to speak. She need never wonder any more. She could remember.

But the young lady did not want her to speak. She touched her white horse, and was gone in a minute; and when Androscoggin rung them both to sleep that night — for the young lady forgot to ask for her Cluny, and was too tired to go to the party — I am sure I cannot tell which was the happier, she or Deb.

Abridged.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

JOHN RUNCIE

Your Christmas comes with holly leaves
And snow about your doors and eaves;
Our lighted windows, open wide,
Let in our summer Christmas tide;
And where the drifting moths may go—
Behold our tiny flakes of snow;
  But carol, carol in the cold;
    And carol, carol, as ye may,—
  We sing the merry songs of old
    As merrily on Christmas Day.

Your hills are wrapped in rainy cloud,
Your sea in anger roars aloud;
But here our hills are veiled with haze
In harmonies of blues and grays;
The waters of two oceans meet
With friendly murmurs by our feet;
  But carol, carol, Christmas Waits,
    And carol, carol, as ye may,—
  The Crickets by our doors and gates
    Sing in the grace of Christmas Day.

Abridged.

THE MAKING OF THE HAMMER

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

I

One day as Sif, Thor's beautiful wife, was sitting in the palace Bilskirner in Thrudvang, or thunder-world, she fell asleep, with her long hair falling about her shoulders like a shower of gold. She made a very pretty picture as she sat there in the sunlight; at least Loke thought so as he passed by and saw her motionless, like the statue of a goddess in a great temple, instead of a living goddess in her own palace.

Loke never saw anything beautiful without the wish that somehow he might spoil it; and when he noticed that Sif was asleep he thought it was a good time to carry off her golden hair, and so rob her of that of which Thor was most proud. As noiselessly as he could, and more like a thief than a god, he stole into the palace, cut off the golden locks and carried them away, without leaving one behind as a trace of his evil deed.

When Sif awoke and found her beautiful hair gone, she went and hid herself, lest Thor coming home should miss the beauty which had always been like light to his eyes.

And presently Thor came; but no Sif was there to meet him, making him forget with one proud look from her tender eyes the dangers and labors of his life. She had never failed to greet him at the threshold before; and the strong god's heart, which had never beat a second quicker at sight of the greatest giant in the world, grew faint with fear that in his absence some mishap had befallen her. He ran quickly from room to room in the palace, and at last he came upon Sif, hidden behind a pillar, her shorn head in her hands, weeping bitterly.

In a few broken words she told Thor what had happened; and as she went on, Thor's wrath grew hotter and hotter until he was terrible to behold. Lightnings flashed out of his deep-set eyes, the palace trembled under his angry strides, and it seemed as if his fury would burst forth like some awful tempest uprooting and destroying everything in its path.

"I know who did it," he shouted, when Sif had ended her story. "It was that rascally Loke, and I'll break every bone in his thievish body"; and without as much as saying good-by to his sobbing wife, he strode off like a thunder-cloud to Asgard, and there, coming suddenly upon Loke, he seized him by the neck and would have killed him on the spot had not Loke confessed his deed and promised to restore the golden hair.

"I 'll get the swarthy elves to make a crown of golden hair for Sif more beautiful than she used to wear," gasped Loke, in the grasp of the angry Thor; and Thor, who cared more for Sif's beauty than for Loke's punishment, let the thief go, having bound him by solemn pledges to fulfill his promise without delay.

Loke lost no time, but went far underground to the gloomy smithy of the dwarfs, who were called Ivald's sons, and who were wonderful workers in gold and brass.

"Make me a crown of golden hair," said Loke, "that will grow like any other hair, and I will give you whatever you want for your work."

The bargain was quickly made, and the busy little dwarfs were soon at their task, and in a little time they had done all that Loke asked, and more too; for in addition to the shining hair they gave Loke the spear Gungner and the famous ship Skidbladner.

II

With these treasures in his arms Loke came into Asgard and began boasting of the wonderful things he had brought from the smithy of Ivald's sons.

"Nobody like the sons of Ivald to work in metal!" he said. "The other dwarfs are all stupid little knaves compared with them."

Now it happened that the dwarf Brok was standing by and heard Loke's boasting; his brother Sindre was so cunning a workman that most of the dwarfs thought him by far the best in the world. It made Brok angry, therefore, to hear the sons of Ivald called the best workmen, and he spoke up and said,—

"My brother Sindre can make more wonderful things of gold and iron and brass than ever the sons of Ivald thought of."

"Your brother Sindre," repeated Loke scornfully. "Who is your brother Sindre?"

"The best workman in the world," answered Brok.

Loke laughed loud and long. "Go to your wonderful brother Sindre," said he, "and tell him if he can make three such precious things as the spear, the ship, and the golden hair, he shall have my head for his trouble." And Loke laughed longer and louder than before.

Brok was off to the underworld before the laugh died out of his ears, determined to have Loke's head if magic and hard work could do it. He went straight to Sindre and told him of the wager he had laid with Loke, and in a little while Sindre was hard at work in his smithy.

It was a queer place for such wonderful work as was done in it, for it was nothing but a great cavern

underground, with tools piled up in little heaps around its sides, and thick darkness everywhere when the furnace fire was not sending its glow out into the blackness. If you had looked in now, you would have seen a broad glare of light streaming out from the furnace, for Brok was blowing the bellows with all his might, and the coals were fairly blazing with heat.

When all was ready, Sindre took a swine-skin, put it into the furnace, and telling Brok to blow the bellows until his return, went out of the smithy. Brok kept steadily at work, although a gad-fly flew in, buzzed noisily about, and, finally settling on his hand, stung him so that he could hardly bear it. After a while Sindre came back and took out of the furnace a wonderful boar with bristles of pure gold.

Then Sindre took some gold and, placing it in the furnace, bade Brok blow as if his life depended on it, and went out a second time. Brok had no sooner begun blowing than the troublesome gad-fly came back, and, fastening upon his neck, stung him so fiercely that he could hardly keep his hands away from his neck; but Brok was a faithful dwarf, who meant to do his work thoroughly if he died for it, and so he blew away as if it were the easiest thing in the world, until Sindre came back and took a shining ring from the fire.

The third time Sindre put iron into the fire and, bidding Brok blow without ceasing, went out again. No sooner had he gone than the gad-fly flew in, and, settling between Brok's eyes, stung him so sharply that drops of blood ran down into his eyes, and he could not see what he was doing. He blew away as bravely as he could for some time, but the pain was so keen, and he was so blind, that at last he raised his hand quickly to brush the fly away. That very instant Sindre returned.

"You have almost spoiled it," he said, as he took out of the glowing furnace the wonderful hammer Mjölner. "See how short you have made the handle! But you can't lengthen it now. So carry the gifts to Asgard, and bring me Loke's head."

III

Brok started off with the golden boar, the shining ring, and the terrible hammer.

When he came through the great gate of Asgard the gods were very anxious to see the end of this strange contest, and taking their seats on their shining thrones they appointed Odin, Thor, and Frey to judge between Loke and Brok, as to which had the most wonderful things.

Then Loke brought out the spear Gungner, which never misses its mark, and gave it to Odin; and the

NO SOONER HAD HE GONE THAN THE GAD-FLY FLEW IN.

golden hair he gave to Thor, who placed it on Sif's head, and straightway it began to grow like any other hair, and Sif was as beautiful as on the day when Loke saw her in Thor's palace, and robbed her of her tresses; and to Frey he gave the marvelous ship Skidbladner, which always found a breeze to drive it wherever its master would go, no matter how the sea was running, nor from what quarter the wind was blowing, and which could be folded up and carried in one's pocket. Then Loke laughed scornfully.

"Bring out the trinkets which that wonderful brother of yours has made," he said.

Brok came forward, and stood before the wondering gods with his treasures.

"This ring," said he, handing it to Odin, "will cast off, every ninth night, eight other rings as pure and heavy as itself. This boar," giving it to Frey, "will run more swiftly in the air, and on the sea, by night or by day, than the swiftest horse, and no night will be so dark, no world so gloomy, that the shining of these bristles shall not make it light as noon-day. And this hammer," placing Mjölner in Thor's strong hands, "shall never fail, no matter how big nor how hard that which it smites may be; no matter how far it is thrown, it will always return to your hand; you may make it so small that it can be hidden in your

bosom, and its only fault is the shortness of its handle."

Thor swung it round his head, and lightning flashed and flamed through Asgard, deep peals of thunder rolled through the sky, and mighty masses of cloud piled quickly up about him. The gods gathered around, and passed the hammer from one to the other, saying that it would be their greatest protection against their enemies, the frost-giants, who were always trying to force their way into Asgard, and they declared that Brok had won the wager.

Brok's swarthy little face was as bright as his brother's furnace fire, so delighted was he to have beaten the boastful Loke. But how was he to get his wager, now he had won it? It was no easy matter to take the head off a god's shoulders. Brok thought a moment.

"I will take Loke's head," he said finally, thinking some of the other gods might help him.

"I will give you whatever you want in place of my head," growled Loke, angry that he was beaten, and having no idea of paying his wager by losing his head.

"I will have your head or I will have nothing," answered the plucky little dwarf, determined not to be cheated out of his victory.

"Well, then, take it," shouted Loke; but by the

time Brok reached the place where he had been standing, Loke was far away, for he wore shoes with which he could run through the air or over the water.

Then Brok asked Thor to find Loke and bring him back, which Thor did promptly, for the gods always saw to it that people kept their promises. When Loke was brought back, Brok wanted to cut his head off at once.

"You may cut off my head, but you have no right to touch my neck," said Loke, who was cunning, as well as wicked. That was true, and of course the head could not be taken off without touching the neck, so Brok had to give it up.

But he determined to do something to make Loke feel that he had won his wager, so he took an awl and a thong and sewed his lips together so tightly that he could make no more boastings.

SIEGFRIED'S SWORD

JAMES BALDWIN

I

At Santen, in the Lowlands, there once lived a young prince named Siegfried. His father, Siegmund, was king of the rich country through which

the lazy Rhine winds its way just before reaching the great North Sea; and he was known, both far and near, for his good deeds and his prudent thrift. And Siegfried's mother, the gentle Sigelind, was loved by all for her goodness of heart and her kindly charity to the poor. Neither king nor queen left aught undone that might make the young prince happy, or fit him for life's usefulness. Wise men were brought from far-off lands to be his teachers; and every day something was added to his store of knowledge or his stock of happiness. And very skillful did he become in warlike games and in manly feats of strength. No other youth could throw the spear with so great force, or shoot the arrow with surer aim. No other youth could run more swiftly, or ride with more becoming ease. His gentle mother took delight in adding to the beauty of his matchless form by clothing him in costly garments decked with the rarest jewels. The old, the young, the rich, the poor, the high, the low, all praised the fearless Siegfried, and all vied in friendly strife to win his favor. One would have thought that the life of the young prince could never be aught but a holiday, and that the birds would sing, and the flowers would bloom, and the sun would shine forever for his sake.

But the business of man's life is not mere pastime;

and none knew this truth better than the wise old king, Siegmund.

"All work is noble," said he to Siegfried; "and he who yearns to win fame must not shun toil. Even princes should know how to earn a livelihood by the labor of their hands."

And so, while Siegfried was still a young lad, his father sent him to live with a smith called Mimer, whose smithy was among the hills not far from the great forest. For in those early times the work of the smith was looked upon as the most worthy of all trades,—a trade which the gods themselves were not ashamed to follow. And this smith Mimer was a wonderful master,—the wisest and most cunning that the world had ever seen. Men said that he was akin to the dwarf-folk who had ruled the earth in the early days, and who were learned in every lore, and skilled in every craft; and they said that he was so exceeding old that no one could remember the day when he came to dwell in the land of Siegmund's fathers. And some said, too, that he was the keeper of a wonderful well, or flowing spring, the waters of which imparted wisdom and far-seeing knowledge to all who drank of them.

To Mimer's school, then, where he would be taught to work skillfully and to think wisely, Siegfried was sent, to be in all respects like the other

pupils there. A coarse blue blouse, and heavy leggings, and a leather apron, took the place of the costly clothing which he had worn in his father's dwelling. His feet were incased in awkward wooden shoes, and his head was covered with a wolfskin cap. The dainty bed, with its downy pillows, wherein every night his mother had been wont, with gentle care, to see him safely covered, was given up for a rude heap of straw in a corner of the smithy. And the rich food to which he had been used gave place to the coarsest and humblest fare. But the lad did not complain. The days which he passed in the smithy were mirthful and happy; and the sound of his hammer rang cheerfully, and the sparks from his forge flew briskly, from morning till night.

And a wonderful smith he became. No one could do more work than he, and none wrought with greater skill. The heaviest chains and the strongest bolts, for prison or for treasure-house, were but as toys in his stout hands, so easily and quickly did he beat them into shape. And he was alike cunning in work of the most delicate and brittle kind. Ornaments of gold and silver, studded with the rarest jewels, were fashioned into beautiful forms by his deft fingers. And among all of Mimer's apprentices none learned the master's lore so readily, nor gained the master's favor more.

II

One morning the master, Mimer, came to the smithy with a troubled look upon his face. It was clear that something had gone amiss; and what it was the apprentices soon learned from the smith himself. Never, until lately, had anyone questioned Mimer's right to be called the foremost smith in all the world; but now a rival had come forward. An unknown upstart—one Amilias, in Burgundy-land—had made a suit of armor, which, he boasted, no stroke of sword could dint, and no blow of spear could scratch; and he had sent a challenge to all other smiths, both in the Rhine country and elsewhere, to equal that piece of workmanship, or else acknowledge themselves his underlings and vassals. For many days had Mimer himself toiled, alone and vainly, trying to forge a sword whose edge the boasted armor of Amilias could not foil; and now, in despair, he came to ask the help of his pupils and apprentices.

"Who among you is skillful enough to forge such a sword?" he asked.

One after another, the pupils shook their heads. And Veliant, the foreman of the apprentices, said,—

"I have heard much about that wonderful armor, and its extreme hardness, and I doubt if any skill

can make a sword with edge so sharp and true as to cut into it. The best that can be done is to try to make another war coat whose temper shall equal that of Amilias's armor."

Then the lad Siegfried quickly said, —

"I will make such a sword as you want, — a blade that no war coat can foil. Give me but leave to try!"

The other pupils laughed in scorn, but Mimer checked them.

"You hear how this boy can talk: we will see what he can do. He is the king's son, and we know that he has uncommon talent. He shall make the sword; but if, upon trial, it fail, I will make him rue the day."

Then Siegfried went to his task. And for seven days and seven nights the sparks never stopped flying from his forge; and the ringing of his anvil, and the hissing of the hot metal as he tempered it, were heard continuously. On the eighth day the sword was fashioned, and Siegfried brought it to Mimer.

The smith felt the razor-edge of the bright weapon, and said, —

"This seems, indeed, a fair fire-edge. Let us make a trial of its keenness."

Then a thread of wool as light as thistle-down was thrown upon water, and, as it floated there,

Mimer struck it with the sword. The glittering blade cleft the slender thread in twain, and the pieces floated undisturbed upon the surface of the liquid.

"Well done!" cried the delighted smith. "Never have I seen a keener edge. If its temper is as true as its sharpness would lead us to believe, it will indeed serve me well."

But Siegfried took the sword again, and broke it into many pieces; and for three days he welded it in a white-hot fire, and tempered it with milk and oatmeal. Then, in sight of Mimer and the sneering apprentices, he cast a light ball of fine-spun wool upon the flowing water of the brook; and it was caught in the swift eddies of the stream, and whirled about until it met the bared blade of the sword, which was held in Mimer's hands. And it was parted as easily and clean as the rippling water, and not the smallest thread was moved out of its place.

Then back to the smithy Siegfried went again; and his forge glowed with a brighter fire, and his hammer rang upon the anvil with a cheerier sound, than ever before. But he suffered none to come near, and no one ever knew what witchery he used. But some of his fellow-pupils afterwards told how, in the dusky twilight, they had seen a one-eyed man, long-bearded, and clad in a cloud-gray kirtle, and

wearing a sky-blue hood, talking with Siegfried at the smithy door. And they said that the stranger's face was at once pleasant and fearful to look upon, and that his one eye shone in the gloaming like the evening star, and that, when he had placed in Siegfried's hands bright shards, like pieces of a broken sword, he faded suddenly from their sight, and was seen no more.

For seven weeks the lad wrought day and night at his forge ; and then, pale and haggard, but with a pleased smile upon his face, he stood before Mimer, with the gleaming sword in his hands.

"It is finished," he said. "Behold the glittering terror! — the blade Balmung. Let us try its edge, and prove its temper once again, that so we may know whether you can place your trust in it."

And Mimer looked long at the ruddy hilt of the weapon, and at the mystic runes that were scored upon its sides, and at the keen edge, which gleamed like a ray of sunlight in the gathering gloom of the evening. But no word came from his lips, and his eyes were dim and dazed; and he seemed as one lost in thoughts of days long past and gone.

Siegfried raised the blade high over his head; and the gleaming edge flashed hither and thither, like the lightning's play when Thor rides over the storm-clouds. Then suddenly it fell upon the

master's anvil, and the great block of iron was cleft in two ; but the bright blade was no whit dulled by the stroke, and the line of light which marked the edge was brighter than before.

Then to the flowing brook they went ; and a great pack of wool, the fleeces of ten sheep, was brought, and thrown upon the swirling water. As the stream bore the bundle downwards, Mimer held the sword in its way. And the whole was divided as easily and as clean as the woollen ball or the slender woollen thread had been cleft before.

"Now, indeed," cried Mimer, "I no longer fear to meet that upstart, Amilias. If his war coat can withstand the stroke of such a sword as Balmung, then I shall not be ashamed to be his underling. But, if this good blade is what it seems to be, it will not fail me; and I, Mimer the Old, shall still be called the wisest and greatest of smiths."

And he sent word at once to Amilias, in Burgundyland, to meet him on a day, and settle forever the question as to which of the two should be the master, and which the underling. And heralds proclaimed it in every town and dwelling.

III

When the time which had been set drew near, Mimer, bearing the sword Balmung, and followed

by all his pupils and apprentices, wended his way towards the place of meeting. Through the forest they went, and then along the banks of the sluggish river, for many a league, to the height of land which marked the line between King Siegmund's country and the country of the Burgundians. It was in this place, midway between the shops of Mimer and Amilias, that the great trial of metal and of skill was to be made.

And here were already gathered great numbers of people from the Lowlands and from Burgundy, anxiously waiting for the coming of the champions. On the one side were the wise old Siegmund and his gentle queen, and their train of knights and courtiers and fair ladies. On the other side were the three Burgundian kings, and a mighty retinue of warriors, led by grim old Hagen, the uncle of the kings, and the wariest chief in all Rhineland.

When everything was in readiness for the contest, Amilias, clad in his boasted war coat, went up to the top of the hill, and sat upon a great rock, and waited for Mimer's coming. As he sat there, he looked, to the people below, like some great castle-tower; for he was almost a giant in size, and his coat of mail, so skillfully wrought, was so huge that twenty men of common mold might have found shelter, or hidden themselves, within it. As the smith Mimer,

so dwarfish in stature, toiled up the steep hillside, Amilias smiled to see him; for he felt no fear of the slender, gleaming blade that was to try the metal of his war coat. And already a shout of expectant triumph went up from the throats of the Burgundian hosts, so sure were they of their champion's success.

But Mimer's friends waited in breathless silence, hoping, and yet fearing. Only King Siegmund whispered to his queen, and said,—

"Knowledge is stronger than brute force. The smallest dwarf who has drunk from the well of the Knowing One may safely meet the stoutest giant in battle."

When Mimer reached the top of the hill, Amilias folded his huge arms, and smiled again; for he felt that this contest was mere play for him, and that Mimer was already as good as beaten, and his thrall. The smith paused a moment to take breath, and as he stood by the side of his foe he looked to those below like a mere black speck close beside a steel-gray castle-tower.

"Are you ready?" asked the smith.

"Ready," answered Amilias. "Strike!"

Mimer raised the gleaming blade in the air, and for a moment the lightning seemed to play around his head. The muscles on his short, brawny arms stood out like great ropes; and then Balmung, descending,

cleft the air from right to left. The waiting lookers-on in the plain below thought to hear the noise of clashing steel; but they listened in vain, for no sound came to their ears, save a sharp hiss like that which red-hot iron gives when plunged into a tank of cold water. The huge Amilias sat unmoved, with his arms still folded upon his breast; but the smile had faded from his face.

"How do you feel now?" asked Mimer in a half-mocking tone.

"Rather strangely, as if cold iron had touched me," faintly answered the upstart.

"Shake thyself!" cried Mimer.

Amilias did so, and, lo! he fell in two halves; for the sword had cut sheer through the vaunted war coat, and cleft in twain the great body incased within. Down tumbled the giant head and the still folded arms, and they rolled with thundering noise to the foot of the hill, and fell with a fearful splash into the deep waters of the river; and there, fathoms down, they may even now be seen, when the water is clear, lying like great gray rocks among the sand and gravel below. The rest of the body, with the armor which incased it, still sat upright in its place; and to this day travelers sailing down the river are shown on moonlit evenings the luckless armor of Amilias on the high hilltop.

TUBAL CAIN

CHARLES MACKAY

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
  In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
  The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
  On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
  As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
  Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
  For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
  As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
  As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
  Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
  And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,

Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done:
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;

"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
made,"—
As he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands,
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND HOME

DANIEL DEFOE

After I had been on the island about ten or twelve days, it came into my thoughts that I should lose my reckoning of time for want of books and pen and ink, and should even forget the Sabbath days from the working days; but to prevent this, I cut it with my knife upon a large post, in capital letters;

and making it into a great cross, I set it upon the shore where I first landed, viz., "I came on shore here on the 30th of September, 1659." Upon the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one; and thus I kept my calendar, or weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning of time.

But it happened that among the many things which I brought out of the ship in the several voyages which I made to it, I got several things of less value, but not at all less useful to me, which I found some time after in rummaging the chests: as, in particular, pens, ink, and paper; several parcels in the captain's, mate's, gunner's, and carpenter's keeping; three or four compasses, some mathematical instruments, dials, perspectives, charts, and books of navigation, — all of which I huddled together, whether I might want them or no. Also I found three very good Bibles, which came to me in my cargo from England, and which I had packed up among my things; some Portuguese books also, and several other books, all of which I carefully secured. And I must not forget that we had in the ship a dog and two cats; for I carried both the cats with me; and, as for the dog, he jumped out of the ship

himself, and swam on shore to me the day after I went on shore with my first cargo, and was a trusty servant to me for many years: I wanted nothing that he could fetch me, nor any company that he could make up to me; I only wanted to have him talk to me, but that would not do. As I observed before, I found pen, ink, and paper, and I husbanded them to the utmost; and I shall show that while my ink lasted, I kept things very exact; but after that was gone, I could not, for I could not make any ink by any means that I could devise.

And this put me in mind that I wanted many things, notwithstanding all that I had amassed together; and of these, this of ink was one, as also a spade, pickaxe, and shovel, to dig or remove the earth; needles, pins, and thread; as for linen, I soon learned to want that without much difficulty.

This want of tools made every work I did go on heavily; and it was near a whole year before I had entirely finished my little pale, or surrounded habitation. The piles or stakes, which were as heavy as I could well lift, were a long time in cutting and preparing in the woods, and more by far in bringing home; so that I spent sometimes two days in cutting and bringing home one of these posts, and a third day in driving it into the ground; for which purpose I got a heavy piece of wood at first, but at last be-

thought myself of one of the iron crows, which, however, though I found it answer, made driving these posts or piles very laborious and tedious work.

But what need I have been concerned at the tediousness of anything I had to do, seeing I had time enough to do it in? nor had I any other employment, if that had been over, — at least, that I could foresee, — except the ranging the island to seek for food, which I did, more or less, every day.

Having now brought my mind a little to relish my condition, and given over looking out to sea, to see if I could spy a ship, — having, I say, given over these things, I began to apply myself to accommodate my way of living, and to make things as easy to me as I could.

My habitation was a tent under the side of a rock, surrounded with a strong pale of posts and cables; but I might now rather call it a wall, for I raised a kind of wall against it of turfs, about two feet thick on the outside, and after some time — I think it was a year and a half — I raised rafters from it, leaning to the rock, and thatched or covered it with boughs of trees, and such things as I could get, to keep out the rain, which I found at some times of the year very violent.

I had brought all my goods into this pale, and into the cave which I had made behind me. But at

first this was a confused heap of goods, which, as they lay in no order, so they took up all my place; I had no room to turn myself. So I set myself to enlarge my cave and work farther into the earth; for it was a loose sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labor I bestowed on it. And when I found I was pretty safe as to the beasts of prey, I worked sideways, to the right hand, into the rock; and then, turning to the right again, worked quite out, and made me a door to come out on the outside of my pale or fortification.

And now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world; I could not write or eat, or do several things with so much pleasure without a table. So I went to work.

I had never handled a tool in my life; and yet, in time, by labor, application, and contrivance, I found at last that I wanted nothing but I could have made, especially if I had had tools. However, I made abundance of things, even without tools, and some with no more tools than an adze and a hatchet, which, perhaps, were never made that way before, and that with infinite labor. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree,

set it on an edge before me, and hew it flat on either side with my axe, till I had brought it to be as thin as a plank, and then dub it smooth with my adze. It is true, by this method I could make but one board of a whole tree; but this I had no remedy for but patience, any more than I had for the prodigious deal of time and labor which it took me up to make a plank or board. But my time or labor was little worth, and so it was as well employed one way as another.

However, I made me a table and a chair, as I observed above, in the first place; and this I did out of the short pieces of boards that I brought on my raft from the ship. But when I had wrought out some boards, as above, I made large shelves of the breadth of a foot and a half, one over another, all along one side of my cave, to lay all my tools, nails, and iron-work on; and, in a word, to separate everything at large in their places, that I might easily come at them. I knocked pieces into the wall of the rock to hang my guns and all things that would hang up; so that, had my cave been seen, it looked like a general magazine of all necessary things; and I had everything so ready at my hand that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order, and especially to find my stock of all necessaries so great.

Abridged.

ON A DESERT ISLAND

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,—
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A ship-wrecked sailor, waiting for a sail.
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

Abridged.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AT THE PETERKINS'

LUCRETIA P. HALE

Agamemnon felt that it became necessary for him to choose a profession. It was important on account of the little boys. If he should make a trial of several different professions, he could find out which would be the most likely to be successful, and it would then be easy to bring up the little boys in the right direction.

Agamemnon was delayed, however, in his choice of a profession, by a desire he had to become a famous inventor. If he could only invent something important, and get out a patent, he would make himself known all over the country. If he could get out a patent, he would be set up for life, or at least as long as the patent lasted.

Indeed, he had gone so far as to make his invention. It had been suggested by their trouble with a key, in their late moving to their new house. He had studied the matter over a great deal. He had looked it up in the Encyclopædia, and had spent a day or two in the Public Library, in reading about Chubb's Lock and other patent locks.

But his plan was more simple. It was this: that all keys should be made alike! He wondered it had not been thought of before; but so it was, Solomon John said, with all inventions, with Christopher Columbus, and everybody. Nobody knew the invention till it was invented, and then it looked very simple. With Agamemnon's plan you need have but one key, that should fit everything! It should be a medium-sized key, not too large to carry. It ought to answer for a house door, but you might open a portmanteau with it. How much less danger there would be of losing one's keys if there were only one to lose!

Mrs. Peterkin thought it would be inconvenient if their father were out, and she wanted to open the jam-closet for the little boys. But Agamemnon explained that he did not mean there should be but one key in the family, or in a town, — you might have as many as you pleased, only they should all be alike.

Elizabeth Eliza felt it would be a great convenience, — they could keep the front door always locked, yet she could open it with the key of her upper drawer; that she was sure to have with her. And Mrs. Peterkin felt it might be a convenience if they had one on each story, so that they need not go up and down for it.

Mr. Peterkin studied all the papers and advertisements, to decide about the lawyer whom they should consult; and at last, one morning, they went into town to visit a patent-agent.

Elizabeth Eliza took the occasion to make a call upon the lady from Philadelphia, but she came back hurriedly to her mother.

"I have had a delightful call," she said; "but — perhaps I was wrong — I could not help, in conversation, speaking of Agamemnon's proposed patent. I ought not to have mentioned it, as such things are kept profound secrets; they say women always do tell things; I suppose that is the reason."

"But where is the harm?" asked Mrs. Peterkin. "I 'm sure you can trust the lady from Philadelphia."

Elizabeth Eliza then explained that the lady from Philadelphia had questioned the plan a little when it was told her, and had suggested that "if everybody had the same key there would be no particular use in a lock."

"Did you explain to her," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that we were not all to have the same keys?"

"I could n't quite understand her," said Elizabeth Eliza, "but she seems to think that burglars and other people might come in if the keys were the same."

"Agamemnon would not sell his patent to burglars!" said Mrs. Peterkin, indignantly.

"But about other people," said Elizabeth Eliza; "there is my upper drawer; the little boys might open it at Christmas-time, — and their presents in it!"

"And I am not sure that I could trust Amanda," said Mrs. Peterkin, considering.

Both she and Elizabeth Eliza felt that Mr. Peterkin ought to know what the lady from Philadelphia had suggested. Elizabeth Eliza then proposed going into town, but it would take so long she might not reach them in time. A telegram would be better, and she ventured to suggest using the Telegraph Alarm.

For, on moving into their new house, they had discovered it was provided with all the modern improvements. It was well furnished with bath-rooms, and "set-waters" everywhere. Water-pipes and gas-pipes all over the house; and a hack-, telegraph-, and fire-alarm, with a little knob for each.

Mrs. Peterkin was very anxious. She feared the little boys would be summoning somebody all the time, and it was decided to conceal from them the use of the knobs, and the card of directions at the side was destroyed. Agamemnon had made one of his first inventions to help this. He had arranged

a number of similar knobs to be put in rows in different parts of the house, to appear as if they were intended for ornament, and had added some to the original knobs. Mrs. Peterkin felt more secure, and Agamemnon thought of taking out a patent for this invention.

It was, therefore, with some doubt that Elizabeth Eliza proposed sending a telegram to her father. Mrs. Peterkin, however, was pleased with the idea. Solomon John was out, and the little boys were at school, and she herself would touch the knob, while Elizabeth Eliza should write the telegram.

"I think it is the fourth knob from the beginning," she said, looking at one of the rows of knobs.

Elizabeth Eliza was sure of this. Agamemnon, she believed, had put three extra knobs at each end.

"But which is the end, and which is the beginning, — the top or the bottom?" Mrs. Peterkin asked hopelessly.

Still she bravely selected a knob, and Elizabeth Eliza hastened with her to look out for the messenger. How soon should they see the telegraph boy?

They seemed to have scarcely reached the window when a terrible noise was heard, and down the shady street the white horses of the fire-brigade were seen rushing at a fatal speed!

It was a terrific moment!

"I have touched the fire-alarm!" Mrs. Peterkin exclaimed.

Both rushed to open the front door in agony. By this time the fire-engines were approaching.

"Do not be alarmed," said the chief engineer; "the furniture shall be carefully covered, and we will move all that is necessary."

"Move again!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, in agony.

Elizabeth Eliza strove to explain that she was only sending a telegram to her father, who was in Boston.

"It is not important," said the head engineer; "the fire will all be out before it could reach him." And he ran upstairs, for the engines were beginning to play upon the roof.

Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs again hurriedly; there was more necessity for summoning Mr. Peterkin home.

"Write a telegram to your father," she said to Elizabeth Eliza, "to 'come home directly.'"

"That will take but three words," said Elizabeth Eliza, with presence of mind, "and we need ten. I was just trying to make them out."

"What has come now?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, and they hurried again to the window, to see a row of carriages coming down the street.

"I must have touched the carriage-knob," cried Mrs. Peterkin, "and I pushed it half-a-dozen times, I felt so anxious!"

Six hacks stood before the door. All the village boys were assembling. Even their own little boys had returned from school, and were showing the firemen the way to the well.

Again Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs, and a fearful sound arose. She had touched the burglar-alarm!

The former owner of the house, who had a great fear of burglars, had invented a machine of his own, which he had connected with a knob. A wire attached to the knob moved a spring that could put in motion a number of watchmen's rattles, hidden under the eaves of the piazza.

All these were now set a-going, and their terrible din roused those of the neighborhood who had not before assembled around the house. At this moment Elizabeth Eliza met the chief engineer.

"You need not send for more help," he said, "we have all the engines in town here; there 's no use in springing any more alarms. I can't find the fire yet."

Elizabeth Eliza waved her telegram in the air.

"We are only trying to send a telegram to my father and brother, who are in town," she endeavored to explain.

"If it is necessary," said the chief engineer, "you might send it down in one of the hacks. I see a number standing before the door. If it's necessary to move the furniture, some of you women might fill the carriages with the smaller things."

Mrs. Peterkin was ready to fall into hysterics. She controlled herself with a supreme power, and hastened to touch another knob.

Elizabeth Eliza corrected her telegram, and decided to take the advice of the chief engineer and went to the door to give her message to one of the hackmen, when she saw a telegraph boy appear. Her mother had touched the right knob. It was the fourth from the beginning; but the beginning was at the other end!

She went out to meet the boy, when, to her joy, she saw behind him her father and Agamemnon. She clutched her telegram, and hurried toward them.

Mr. Peterkin was bewildered. Was the house on fire? If so, where were the flames?

He saw the row of carriages. Was there a funeral, or a wedding? Who was dead? Who was to be married?

He seized the telegram that Elizabeth Eliza reached to him, and read it aloud.

"Come to us directly — the house is NOT on fire!"

The chief engineer was standing on the steps.

"The house not on fire!" he exclaimed. "What are we all summoned for?"

"It is a mistake," cried Elizabeth Eliza, wringing her hands. "We touched the wrong knob; we wanted the telegraph boy!"

"We touched all the wrong knobs," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, from the house.

The chief engineer turned directly to give counter-directions, with a few exclamations of disgust.

Solomon John appeared at that moment, and proposed taking one of the carriages, and going for a doctor for his mother, for she was now nearly ready to fall into hysterics, and Agamemnon thought to send a telegram down by the boy, for the evening papers, to announce that the Peterkins' house had not been on fire.

The crisis of the commotion had reached its height. The beds of flowers, bordered with dark-colored leaves, were trodden down by the feet of the crowd that had assembled.

The chief engineer grew more and more indignant, as he sent his men to order back the fire-engines. The collection of boys followed the procession as it went away. The fire-brigade hastily removed the covers from some of the furniture, restored the rest to their places, and took away their ladders. Many

neighbors remained, but Mr. Peterkin hastened into the house to attend to Mrs. Peterkin.

Elizabeth Eliza took an opportunity to question her father, before he went in, as to the success of their visit to town.

"We saw all the patent-agents," answered Mr. Peterkin, in a hollow whisper. "Not one of them will touch the patent, or have anything to do with it."

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon, as he walked silently into the house. She would not now speak to him of the patent; but she recalled some words of Solomon John. When they were discussing the patent, he had said that many an inventor had grown gray before his discovery was acknowledged by the public. Others might reap the harvest; but it came, perhaps, only when he was going to his grave.

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon reverently, and followed him silently into the house.

Abridged.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Come, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs

To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree,
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

Abridged.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN

In old England, long centuries ago, there lived in the depths of Sherwood Forest a famous outlaw, with his band of merry men. He was a tall handsome fellow, who could bend the bow and speed the arrow

with swifter, surer aim than any archer in the King's good grace. His name was Robin Hood ; and it was a name mightily feared by travelers that way if they had sin on their consciences, or ill-gotten money in their purses, or ill-gotten goods in their saddle-bags. For merry Robin had a pleasant little way of stopping them in their path and lightening their load, and so doubtless helping to lift the burden from their souls. And if the sinner showed himself obstinate, why, at three blasts from Robin's horn the wayside thickets would be all alive with men in Lincoln green, come to see what ailed so willful a fellow.

As for Robin himself, he had need to hide deep in the forest; for a price had been set upon his head. Two hundred pounds silver the King had offered to any man who should bring him to justice at the Sheriff's court in Nottingham. And all for shooting of one of the King's fallow deer!

Merry England, they used to call it! And perhaps it was, for the King and the barons who owned the deer-filled forests and the wide green meadows. But it seems to have been a sorry place enough in those days for the men who tilled the land and had to pay for it dearly in taxes to their lords. And it was a sorry place, was it not, when a man's life was worth not so much as the life of the deer that the King kept to hunt for pleasure!

So Robin Hood thought; and having no mind to give up his life on the gallows-tree, he set about putting it to better use after a little fashion of his own.

He found men willing enough to join him, good stout fellows who could run and wrestle and shoot the arrow and swing the quarterstaff. Some had been soldiers, and some had been shepherds; some had been tinkers and smiths and peddlers and beggars, and some had been knights of high degree. Some came because they loved the free life of the greenwood; and some because their taxes were too heavy, or their fines unjust, or their farms had been taken away from them. But one and all they pledged themselves never to rob a rich man if he had gotten his money honestly and justly; never to harm child or woman; and never to withhold a helping hand from any in distress.

So this merry band gathered in the heart of Sherwood Forest. They made a deep cave their treasure-house; and in the open glade near by they practiced their sports, keeping their muscles firm and their joints limber and their hands steady and their eyes keen. A great oak marked the end of the glade; and on a mossy mound under its low spreading boughs jolly Robin would sit, like a king on his throne, to judge their skill. They all dressed alike in foresters' suits of the green cloth made in Lincoln

town, and they stepped lightly and cautiously as the deer, so that no man could track them through the windings of the forest or spy them in the thickets along the forest roads.

A merry time they had whenever they went, as the best of them would, tricked out each time in some new disguise, to take part in shooting matches and wrestling bouts at the country fairs; and always, as you may guess, they brought away the prize. The good old ballads — the songs that tell the story — were never tired of praising bold Robin, and his nephew Will Scarlet; and his sweet-singing minstrel, Allan a Dale; and Little John, his right-hand man, the biggest fellow for miles around. And there's many a tale of the pranks they played on the proud Sheriff of Nottingham, who must have had as many lives as a cat if he died as many different deaths as the different ballads say.

What happened to this jolly crew in the drear, bare winters we do not know; for in the good old songs it is always "the merriest month in all the year . . . the merry month of May," or midsummer when leaves are "large and long." But for thirty years, we are told, bold Robin ruled the forest and dealt out justice in his own sweet way. And then, as one of the ballads says, he fell ill of a fever and died in Kirkly Hall, where he had gone to be nursed by his

cousin the Prioress. But, before he died, he called to Little John, —

> "But give me my bent bow in my hand,
> And a broad arrow I 'll let flee,
> And where this arrow is taken up,
> There shall my grave digged be."

And with his last strength he shot an arrow out of the window and marked in Kirkly yard the place where he would lie.

All these things and many more were sung of Robin centuries ago; but whether he ever truly lived we do not know. Some of the ballads say he was a noble earl, and others that he was a poor yeoman. But all the ballads agree that he was the proudest and wittiest and most courteous and most kind-hearted outlaw ever doomed to hang upon the gallows-tree.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUES THE LADY'S THREE SONS

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

Up and down the forest ranged bold Robin Hood, and at last he came to the darkest part of it all. There was a great pool of brown water, and the ground about it quaked and trembled if one walked

too near the edge. There were lonely hemlock trees with many a withered branch ; and from the hemlocks hung down a long, pale moss that moved in the twilight breeze like slender hands always clutching at something that they could not reach.

All by itself on the edge of the brown pool was a gray rock, and on the rock was a fair woman weeping. She was dressed in black, and her golden hair floated over her sable garments and looked as if a bit of sunshine had dropped down into the gloomy place. A loon flew near and gave an eerie call to its mate. The other loon came. It circled around with an unearthly cry, and then they settled on a tuft of dead rushes near the further shore, and looked at the woman on the rock. Robin stood under a tree; and he, too, looked at the woman on the rock.

"Fair lady, why do you weep?" said he. "Has anyone done you a wrong? Have you been robbed of gold or fee?"

"Never would I weep for gold or for fee," said the lady on the rock. "I weep for my own three sons, for they are all to die on the gallows-tree to-morrow morning."

"And what have they done?" asked Robin. "Have they robbed a church, or slain a parish priest, or stolen a maiden away from her home against her will?"

"No, no," said the lady on the rock, "no church have they robbed, no parish priest have they slain, and no maiden have they taken from her home against her will."

"Then what have they done?" cried Robin Hood, "that they should all die on the gallows-tree?"

"Oh, oh," sobbed the lady on the rock more bitterly than ever, "they 've done worse than that; for they 've shot the King's own fallow deer, and it is for this that they are to die on the gallows-tree."

"This is no business for a woman," said Robin cheerfully. "Go you to your own house and look well out of the upper window, and it may be that something will come to pass to-morrow in the morning."

So the lady made her way to her own house, and Robin strolled along singing,—

"And I 'll go to Nottingham,
For the lady fair
With the golden hair;
To her sons all three
A hangman I 'll be,
And I 'll go to Nottingham."

In the morning Robin set out for Nottingham, and on the road he met a ragged old man in a cloak that was patched with black and blue and yellow and red;

and where it was not patched, the wind sang merrily through the holes.

"Hey day, old man," called Robin, "how goes it in Nottingham?"

The old man bent almost to the ground to do honor to the fine gentleman in the handsome coat of green, with the feather in his hat, and answered,—

"Sadly, kind sir, sadly. There be three sons of a poor widow who are to hang on the gallows-tree this day for shooting the King's fallow deer, and there is no one in Nottingham who does not weep and wail for the death of them."

"And I 'll go to Nottingham,
And I 'll go to Nottingham,"

hummed Robin. Then he said to the ragged old man,—

"That's a fine cloak you have; and when the sun shines on it, it looks as bright as the flowers in a meadow. Will you exchange with me?"

"I thought you were a kindly gentleman," said the old man, "and that you would not laugh a poor beggar to scorn. It's no good luck you 'll win to-day, sir."

"Let the ring of the silver speak for me," said Robin, laughing; and he tossed the old man forty silver shillings.

"That's to bind the bargain," declared Robin.

"And here's to pay for the cloak and all the rest of your clothes," and he gave him a silken purse with twenty pieces of broad red gold.

So while Robin whistled and sang, and the old man's fingers trembled with delight at getting so fine a cloak and so many pieces of gold, the beggar put on the handsome green clothes; and Robin donned the beggar's cloak that the wind whistled through except where it was patched, and the old man's hose that were mended with bits of cloth from knee to ankle, and the old man's shoes that had pieces of leather of all colors sewed on wherever there had been a hole, and slung the old man's begging-bag over his shoulder.

"Now stand up on this stone," said Robin, and he whirled him round and round. "Indeed, you make a lively old man. Let's see how fast you can run; and don't you be seen in Nottingham town before the clock on the tower strikes four."

The old man ran as fast as ever he could run, and with the greatest good will; for he was sure that the crazy fellow who had given him a good green cloak for his ragged one would repent of his bargain and call for his own again.

Robin strode along the highway singing,—

"And I 'll go to Nottingham,
To Nottingham, to Nottingham,"

but suddenly he stopped and began to lean on his stick and to creep slowly on his way.

"In faith," said he, "unless I have the eyes of the old man as well as his cloak, that 's the proud Sheriff of Nottingham coming along the road." So Robin bowed himself humbly before the Sheriff, and said,—

"Could you not do a favor to an old beggar man this fine morning?" But the Sheriff answered,—

"Get out of the road, old man. I 'm going to find a hangman for three rogues that are to die this day on the gallows-tree for killing the King's fallow deer."

"And what 'll you give to him that 'll be your hangman?" asked the old beggar man.

"The three good suits of clothes that the rogues wear, and thirteen silver pence besides," answered the Sheriff.

"I 'm the one that needs a suit of good clothes," said the old man, "as you well may see; and if you will give them to me, I 'll hang everybody that 's to be hanged in Nottingham to-day."

Then the old man and the Sheriff went up the hill to the gallows-tree, and the three young men were brought to be hanged, and the lady who had wept on the rock by the lonely pool was looking out of the upper window and sobbing bitterly.

"Have you sent for the priest to come and shrive

"Farewell," cried Robin, "I never stay out of doors when it rains."

them, and have you rung the passing bell for the good of their souls?" asked Robin. And the proud Sheriff answered, —

"Never a priest shall come to shrive them by my sending for him, and never a sound of a passing bell shall they get from me."

"Then I must even ring the bell myself," said Robin, "but I'll have three blasts on my good bugle-horn instead"; and before the Sheriff could turn about three times, Robin had blown on his bugle-horn, and more than five-score of his good brave men had come marching up the hill.

"'T were a shame to waste so fine a gallows-tree," declared Robin thoughtfully. "We might just hang the worst man in the company, so as to get the good of it." He looked straight at the Sheriff, and the Sheriff was badly frightened; but Robin laughed and let him go, and sent the three young men home to their mother, who was weeping tears of joy out of the window.

"Farewell," cried Robin, "I never stay out of doors when it rains"; and so Robin and his five-score men marched away, singing merrily, —

"Robin went to Nottingham,
To Nottingham, to Nottingham;
Robin went to Nottingham
One merry day in the morning."

THE QUEEN'S CHAMPIONS

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

"Now that Robin Hood is dead," said King Henry, "we 'll soon make an end of all the bold outlaws in Sherwood Forest."

"Know you that he is dead?" asked Queen Eleanor.

"There 's word come from the North Country," answered King Henry, "that one of his own men was false to him, and that he died on the gallows-tree by the castle gate."

"Think you that his own men would be false to him?" asked Queen Eleanor.

"Why should not men be false to him as to another?" retorted the King.

"Why should not men be true to him as to another?" asked the Queen; but the King was gazing absently out of the castle window and did not answer.

"And what are you planning now, my King?"

"I 'm planning the greatest shooting-match that was ever held in Finsbury Field," said the King. "I 'll call out every man that can aim an arrow, and he that wins shall be captain of all my bow-

men, and we 'll clear the forest of the bold outlaws."

"I 'll lay you a wager that I can show better archers than you, my King," said the Queen, with a queer little smile about the corners of her mouth.

"I 'll take it," cried the King, "and we 'll make it three hundred tuns of Rhenish wine, and three hundred tuns of beer, and three hundred of the fattest harts that run on Dallom Lea."

"And if I lose," said the Queen, "I 'll give it to your champions; but it 'll take half the tribute from my own little dowry province for a good month to come."

"And if I lose," said the King, "you may give it all to your champions, and I 'll even send a company of good stout yeomen to bear it home for them, wherever they may abide."

Then the Queen went straight to her bower and called her little foot-page.

"Richard, my own little foot-page," she said, "it 's a long journey that you must take for me, even to far-away Nottingham; and you must go as fast as the wind, for there 's a great wager 'twixt the King and me, and you must bring me the champion bowman that 'll be sure to win the day. Search the forest well; and ask for the champion, of every good yeoman by the way."

"And what is his name, my Queen?" queried the little foot-page.

"I'm almost fearing to tell you," said the Queen, "for there are those that say he is helped by the fiend himself; but he is a true man, I know it well, and I'll whisper his name in your ear"; so she softly whispered a name that made the little foot-page jump for joy.

"I'd gladly win my way to Nottingham ten times over to have one sight of him," cried the page, "and I'll walk and I'll run and I'll lose no time on the way, my Queen!"

"Here's my own signet ring," said she, "and when you find him, show it to him and say that the Queen bids him hasten to be her champion, and that she promises that no ill shall come to him or his."

So the little foot-page went on his way to Nottingham. Sometimes he walked, and sometimes he ran. He peered into every forest path, and he asked every honest yeoman that he met, but nowhere could he find the brave champion.

He made no stop for food or drink until he came to Nottingham town. Then, as he sat at the hostelry, he drank a health to his Queen.

"Do you come from the Queen?" asked a good yeoman who sat by his side, "and what is your business so far away in the North Country?" Then

the little foot-page told his errand, and the honest yeoman said, —

"I know the champion well, and at break of day I'll lead you to him."

So at break of day the honest yeoman and the little foot-page went far away into the forest, and there they found the champion. The foot-page doffed his little cap, and dropped down on his knee, and showed the Queen's signet ring, and gave her message.

The champion bowed low, and kissed the ring, and took off his cloak of Lincoln green, and said, —

"Go to the Queen, my little foot-page, and carry her this as a sign that, when the day comes and the hour comes, her own champion will not fail her." Then the little page went home joyfully and gave the message to the Queen.

The King had sent his royal proclamation to all the country around that on Finsbury Field was to be a shooting-match the like of which had never been seen before, and that the man who won should be captain of the King's archers, and that he and his merrymen should have three hundred tuns of the best Rhenish wine, and three hundred tuns of beer, and three hundred of the fattest harts that ran on Dallom Lea.

The day of the shooting came, and the King and all his archers marched boldly into Finsbury Field. With them was the Queen, riding in a beautiful chariot all bedecked with roses and fresh oaken boughs; and for a standard she had a hunting-cloak all of the Lincoln green. The King's musicians made their merriest music, the men waved their tunics of many colors, the women waved the green boughs of trees, and the little children dropped roses wherever they went, and they all shouted,—

"Long live King Henry and Queen Eleanor!"

By and by there was silence for a moment. Then the trumpets blew, and the King's herald came forth in a mantle of bright blue with shining silver fringe all around its edges and silver embroidery above the silver fringe, and he called out,—

"Hear, O you archers in all the land, for whoever shall this day approve himself to be the best of the archers shall be captain of the King's bowmen. Then, too, shall he and his merrymen have three hundred tuns of Rhenish wine, and three hundred tuns of beer, and three hundred of the fattest harts that run on Dallom Lea. This is the word of the King."

All the trumpets blared again, and the drums beat. Then the King stepped forth and called to his first bowman,—

"Measure out the line and set up the willow wand."

"What need of measuring so carefully?" asked haughty Clifton of the King's archers. "We be ready to shoot at the eagle that flies over yonder hill, or at the sun and the moon, if the King so wills it."

"Fifteen-score paces is the measure," replied the first bowman.

"Child's play," said Clifton. "I'll wager my very bow that we win the day."

First shot three archers of the King, and their arrows went within three fingers of the willow wand. Then came three archers of the Queen, and their arrows were a full hand's breadth away.

"The King's men win!" shouted the people.

Then came the second trial; and now it was the Queen's men who were three fingers away and the King's men who were a whole hand's breadth from the willow wand, and the people shouted, —

"A tie, a tie!" and watched eagerly to see what would happen.

Now came the last shot of the King's men. One shot the bark from one side of the wand, one shot the bark from the other, and one arrow touched the top of the wand.

"The King's men win!" cried the people, and the

trumpets blared again and louder than ever. Then there was silence, for the Queen had bowed herself before the King.

"A boon!" she cried, and all the people shouted,—

"A boon, a boon for the Queen!"

"Whatever you will," promised the King, and the Queen said,—

"I have but three archers left. They come from a far country, and mayhap they fear to step forth among so many strange people. Will you give your own royal word that no harm shall come to them? Will you grant them forty days to go and forty days to come, and three times forty days to sport and play as they will?"

The King kissed the Queen's white hand and led her to the seat beside himself on the throne, and he said,—

"Never does the Queen ask of me in vain, for what she would have is hers before she asks." Then the trumpets blared, and the drums beat, and all the people shouted,—

"Long live good King Henry!"

Afar off at the edge of the crowd there was a little movement, and soon three men came forward. One was dressed in white, one in red, and the tallest of them all was in Lincoln green. They made their way to the dais and bent low before the throne.

Then they kissed the hand of the Queen and stepped to the shooting-place.

First shot the man in white, and his arrow cleaved the willow wand exactly in the center. Then shot the man in red, and his arrow went into the hole that the first had made, and there it stuck fast. The Queen turned red and then white, and the crowd held their breath to see the next shot. The man in green bent his bow, and his shot split in twain the arrow of the man in red, and both arrow and wand broke into two pieces and fell on either side of the butt.

Such a shout of delight arose from the crowd as never had been heard before, even on Finsbury Field. The musicians played their best music, and the trumpets blared, and the drums beat louder than ever.

"The prize belongs to the three champions of the Queen," announced the King a little ruefully. "Let them come forward to the throne."

So the First Grand Usher in Waiting was sent to escort them to the throne; and as they walked along the pathway, the people cheered so that all the little birds fell to singing, and all the trees on all the hilltops waved as if there was a great storm.

"And who are you?" asked the King, "and from what far country do you come?" But before they could answer, the Queen said, —

"Remember your royal word, my King, that no touch of harm shall come to my chosen champions."

"The royal word shall never be broken," declared the King.

Then said the Queen,—

"I myself will be your remembrancer. He in white is Much, the miller's son. He in red is Little John, and they both be servants of one that abides in the forest. Their master is he that wears the Lincoln green, and his name is Robin Hood."

The three men bowed low, and all the people held their breath to see what the King would say. Twice he opened his mouth, and twice he shut it without speaking. Then he looked at the Queen, and there was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes that aroused him.

"The royal word shall be kept," said he. "Give bold Robin Hood and his merrymen the three hundred tuns of the best Rhenish wine, and the three hundred tuns of beer, and tell off stout yeomen that shall bear it whithersoever he will. As for the three hundred fat harts that run on Dallom Lea, I fancy that the champions can shoot them for themselves. None shall say that King Henry ever failed to keep his royal word."

The people cheered again, but Queen Eleanor asked demurely,—

"And shall he be captain of your bowmen, my King?"

It was Robin himself who answered this question, for he said,—

"Have we the King's permission to return to the good greenwood?"

The King bowed with calmness and dignity and said,—

"You have." But as they left the royal throne, he slyly pinched the arm of the Queen and whispered,—

"I 'll get the better of you yet, Nell."

THE DANDELIONS

HELEN GRAY CONE

Upon a showery night and still,
  Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
  And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle notes,
  No cheer our dreams invaded,
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
  On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
A crowd of veterans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after!

THE BUILDING OF THE NEST

MARGARET SANGSTER

They 'll come again to the apple tree—
Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of the blossom drest;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well, so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care,—
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair,—
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
Their castle in the air.

Ah! mother bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And shadow may darken the dancing rays
When the wee ones leave the nest;
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow;
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain,
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

THE BEWILDERED BLUEBIRDS

JOHN BURROUGHS

One day in early May, Ted and I made an expedition to Shattega, a still, dark, deep stream that loiters silently through the woods not far from my cabin. As we paddled along, we were on the alert for any bit of wild life of bird or beast that might turn up.

There were so many abandoned woodpecker chambers in the small dead trees as we went along that I determined to secure the section of a tree

containing a good one to take home and put up for the bluebirds.

"Why don't the bluebirds occupy them here?" inquired Ted.

"Oh," I replied, "bluebirds do not come so far into the woods as this. They prefer nesting places in the open, and near human habitations."

After carefully scrutinizing several of the trees, we at last saw one that seemed to fill the bill. It was a small dead tree-trunk seven or eight inches in diameter, that leaned out over the water, and from which the top had been broken. The hole, round and firm, was ten or twelve feet above us. After considerable effort I succeeded in breaking the stub off near the ground, and brought it down into the boat.

"Just the thing," I said. "Surely the bluebirds will prefer this to an artificial box."

But lo and behold, it already had bluebirds in it! We had not heard a sound or seen a feather till the trunk was in our hands, when, on peering into the cavity, we discovered two young bluebirds about half grown. This was a predicament, indeed!

Well, the only thing we could do was to stand the tree-trunk up again as well as we could, and as near as we could to where it had stood before. This was no easy thing. But after a time we had it fairly

well replaced, one end standing in the mud of the shallow water, and the other resting against a tree. This left the hole to the nest about ten feet below and to one side of its former position.

Just then we heard the voice of one of the parent birds; and we quickly paddled to the other side of the stream, fifty feet away, to watch her proceedings, saying to each other, "Too bad! Too bad!"

The mother bird had a large beetle in her beak. She alighted upon a limb a few feet above the former site of her nest, looked down upon us, uttered a note or two, and then dropped down confidently to the point in the vacant air where the entrance to her nest had been but a few moments before.

Here she hovered on the wing a second or two, looking for something that was not there, and then returned to the perch she had just left, apparently not a little disturbed. She hammered the beetle excitedly upon the limb a few times, as if it were in some way at fault, then dropped down to try for her nest again.

Only vacant air there! She hovers and hovers, her blue wings flickering in the checkered light. Surely that precious hole *must* be there. But no, again she is baffled, and again she returns to her perch, and mauls the poor beetle till it must be reduced to a pulp. Then she makes a third attempt,

then a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth, till she becomes very much excited.

"What could have happened? Am I dreaming? Has that beetle hoodooed me?" she seems to say, and in her dismay she lets the bug drop, and looks bewilderedly about her. Then she flies away through the woods, calling.

"Going for her mate," I said to Ted. "She is in deep trouble, and she wants sympathy and help."

In a few minutes we heard her mate answer, and presently the two birds came hurrying to the spot, both with loaded beaks. They perched upon the familiar limb above the site of the nest; and the mate seemed to say, "My dear, what has happened to you? I can find that nest." And he dived down, and brought up in the empty air just as the mother had done. How he winnowed it with his eager wings! How he seemed to bear on that blank space!

His mate regarded him intently, confident, I think, that he would find the clew. But he did not. Baffled and excited, he returned to the perch beside her. Then she tried again, then he rushed down once more, then they both assaulted the place; but it would not give up its secret.

They talked, they encouraged each other, and they kept up the search, now one, now the other, now both together. Sometimes they dropped down

to within a few feet of the entrance to the nest, and we thought they would surely find it. No, their minds and eyes were intent only upon that square foot of space where the nest had been. Soon they withdrew to a large limb many feet higher up, and seemed to say to themselves, "Well, it is not there; but it must be here somewhere. Let us look about."

A few minutes elapsed, when we saw the mother bird spring from her perch and go straight as an arrow to the nest. Her maternal eye had proved the quicker. She had found her young. Something like reason and common sense had come to her rescue; she had taken time to look about, and behold! there was that precious doorway.

She thrust her head into it, then sent back a call to her mate, then went farther in, then withdrew. "Yes, it is true; they are here, they are here!" Then she went in again, gave them the food in her beak, and then gave place to her mate, who, after similar demonstrations of joy, also gave them his morsel.

Ted and I breathed freer. A burden had been taken from our minds and hearts, and we went cheerfully on our way. We had learned something, too; we had learned that when in the deep woods you think of bluebirds, bluebirds may be nearer you than you think.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

ROBERT BROWNING

I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking

With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What 's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you 're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we 're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I 'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It 's easy to bid one rack one 's brain —
I 'm sure my poor head aches again,

I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!

V

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever
straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,

Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what 's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we 're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I 've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,

With you, don't think I 'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d' ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
  And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
  And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
  Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

OUT CAME THE CHILDREN RUNNING.

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He 's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,

And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It 's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I 'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he 'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
" And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six " :
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street —
Where anyone playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we 've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

Abridged.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

CHARLES KINGSLEY

I. What was the Golden Fleece?

What was the Golden Fleece? The old Greeks said that it was the fleece of the wondrous Golden Ram that bore Phrixus[1] and his sister, children of the Minuan[2] king, away from their home in Iolcos,[3] away across the sea that we call the Black Sea now.

The ram stopped at Colchis;[4] and there Phrixus grew up and married Chalciope,[5] daughter of Aietes,[6] the king, and offered the ram in sacrifice. And Aietes, the king, nailed the ram's fleece to a beech tree in the grove of Ares,[7] the War-god.

And after a while Phrixus died and was buried; but his spirit had no rest, for he was buried far from his native land. So he came in dreams to the heroes of the Minuai,[8] and called sadly by their beds,—

"Come and set my spirit free, that I may go home to my fathers and to my kinsfolk, and the pleasant Minuan land." And they asked,—

"How shall we set your spirit free?"

[1] frĭks′ ŭs. [2] mĭn′ ū ăn. [3] ī ŏl′ kŏs. [4] kŏl′ kĭs.
[5] kăl sī′ ō pē. [6] ī ē′ tēz. [7] âr′ ēz. [8] mĭn′ ū ī.

"You must sail over the sea to Colchis, and bring home the golden fleece; and then my spirit will come back with it, and I shall sleep with my fathers and have rest."

He came thus, and called to them often; but when they woke they looked at each other, and said, — "Who dare sail to Colchis, or bring home the golden fleece?"

And in all the country none was brave enough to try it; for the man and the time were not come.

II. *How Jason,[1] having been bidden by his uncle, King Pelias,[2] to fetch the Golden Fleece, summoned the heroes of the land; and how they built the ship "Argo."[3]*

So the heralds went out, and cried to all the heroes of the Minuai, —

"Who dare come to the adventure of the golden fleece?"

And Hera[4] stirred the hearts of all the princes, and they came from all their valleys to the yellow sands of the shore.

And all the city came out to meet them, and were never tired with looking at their height, and their beauty, and their gallant bearing, and the glitter of their inlaid arms. But the women sighed over them,

[1] jā′ sŏn. [2] pē′ lē̆ ăs. [3] är′ gō. [4] hē′ rä.

and whispered, "Alas! they are all going to their death!"

Then they felled the pines on Pelion,[1] and shaped them with the axe, and Argus[2] taught them to build a galley, the first long ship which ever sailed the seas. They pierced her for fifty oars — an oar for each hero of the crew — and pitched her with coal-black pitch, and painted her bows with vermilion; and they named her *Argo* after Argus, and worked at her all day long. And at night Pelias feasted them like a king, and they slept in his palace-porch.

But Jason went away to the northward, and into the land of Thrace,[3] till he found Orpheus,[4] the prince of minstrels, where he dwelt in his cave, among the savage tribes. And he asked him, —

"Will you leave your mountains, Orpheus, my fellow-scholar in old times, to sail with the heroes of the Minuai, and bring home the golden fleece, and charm for us all men and all monsters with your magic harp and song?" Then Orpheus sighed, —

"Have I not had enough of toil and weary wandering far and wide? But what is doomed must be, and a friend's demand obeyed; for prayers are the daughters of Zeus,[5] and who honors them honors him."

Then Orpheus rose up sighing, and took his harp.

[1] pē′ lē ŏn. [2] är′ gŭs. [3] thrās. [4] ôr′ fūs. [5] zūs.

And he led Jason to the southwest, to Dodona,[1] the town of Zeus, where it stood by the side of the sacred lake, in the darkness of the ancient oakwood. And he led him to the holy oak, and bade him cut down a bough, and sacrifice to Hera and to Zeus; and they took the bough and came to Iolcos, and nailed it to the beak-head of the ship.

And at last the ship was finished, and they tried to launch her down the beach; but she was too heavy for them to move her, and her keel sank deep into the sand. Then all the heroes looked at each other blushing; but Jason spoke, and said, —

"Let us ask the magic bough; perhaps it can help us in our need."

Then a voice came from the bough; and Jason heard the words it said, and bade Orpheus play upon the harp, while the heroes waited round, holding the pine-trunk rollers, to help her toward the sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp, and began his magic song: —

"How sweet it is to ride upon the surges, and to leap from wave to wave, while the wind sings cheerful in the cordage, and the oars flash fast among the foam! How sweet it is to roam across the ocean, and see new towns and wondrous lands, and to come home laden with treasure, and to win undying fame!"

[1] dō dō′ nȧ.

And the good ship *Argo* heard him, and longed to be away and out at sea; till she stirred in every timber, and heaved from stem to stern, and leapt up from the sand upon the rollers, and plunged onward like a gallant horse; and the heroes fed her path with pine trunks, till she rushed into the whispering sea.

Then they stored her well with food and water, and pulled the ladder up on board, and settled themselves each man to his oar, and kept time to Orpheus's harp; and away across the bay they rowed southward, while the people lined the cliffs; and the women wept, while the men shouted, at the starting of that gallant crew.

And the heroes came to Aphetai,[1] across the bay, and waited for the southwest wind, and chose themselves a captain from their crew: and all called for Heracles, because he was the strongest and most huge; but Heracles refused, and called for Jason, because he was the wisest of them all. So Jason was chosen captain; and Orpheus heaped a pile of wood, and slew a bull, and offered it to Hera, and called all the heroes to stand round, each man's head crowned with olive, and to strike their swords into the bull. Then he filled a golden goblet with the bull's blood, and with wheaten flour, and honey, and

[1] ă fē′ tī.

wine, and the bitter salt-sea water, and bade the heroes taste. So each tasted the goblet, and passed it round, and vowed an awful vow: and they vowed before the sun, and the night, and the blue-haired sea who shakes the land, to stand by Jason faithfully in the adventure of the golden fleece.

Then Jason lighted the pile, and burnt the carcase of the bull; and they went to their ship and sailed eastward, like men who have a work to do.

III. How after many and great adventures on sea and land, they came to the kingdom of Aietes, ruler of the Colchians.[1]

And they rowed three days to the eastward, while Caucasus[2] rose higher hour by hour, till they saw the dark stream of Phasis[3] rushing headlong to the sea, and, shining above the tree-tops, the golden roofs of King Aietes, the child of the Sun.

Then out spoke the helmsman,—

"We are come to our goal at last, for there are the roofs of Aietes, and the woods where all poisons grow; but who can tell us where among them is hid the golden fleece? Many a toil must we bear ere we find it, and bring it home to Greece."

But Jason cheered the heroes, for his heart was high and bold; and he said,—

[1] kŏl′ kĭ ănz. [2] kaw′ kȧ zŭs. [3] fā′ sĭs.

"I will go alone up to Aietes, though he be the child of the Sun, and win him with soft words. Better so than to go all together, and to come to blows at once." But the Minuai would not stay behind, so they rowed boldly up the stream.

And a dream came to Aietes, and filled his heart with fear. He thought he saw a shining star, which fell into his daughter's lap; and that Medeia[1] his daughter took it gladly, and carried it to the river-side, and cast it in, and there the whirling river bore it down, and out into the sea.

Then he leapt up in fear, and bade his servants bring his chariot, that he might go down to the river-side and appease the nymphs, and the heroes whose spirits haunt the bank. So he went down in his golden chariot, and his daughters by his side, Medeia the fair witch-maiden, and Chalciope, who had been Phrixus's wife, and behind him a crowd of servants and soldiers, for he was a rich and mighty prince.

And as he drove down by the reedy river he saw *Argo* sliding up beneath the bank, and many a hero in her, like Immortals for beauty and for strength, as their weapons glittered round them in the level morning sunlight, through the white mist of the stream. But Jason was the noblest of all; for Hera,

[1] mē dē′ a.

who loved him, gave him beauty and tallness and terrible manhood.

And when they came near together and looked into each other's eyes, the heroes were awed before Aietes as he shone in his chariot, like his father the glorious Sun; for his robes were of rich gold tissue, and the rays of his diadem flashed fire; and in his hand he bore a jeweled scepter, which glittered like the stars; and sternly he looked at them under his brows, and sternly he spoke and loud, —

"Who are you, and what want you here? Do you take no account of my rule, or of my people the Colchians who serve me, who never tired yet in battle, and know well how to face an invader?"

And the heroes sat silent awhile before the face of that ancient king. But Hera, the awful goddess, put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer, —

"We are no pirates nor lawless men. We come not to plunder and to ravage, or carry away slaves from your land; but my uncle, Pelias the Minuan king, he it is who has sent me on a quest to bring home the golden fleece. And these too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men; for some are the sons of Immortals, and some of heroes far renowned. And we too never tire in battle, and know well how to give blows and to take: yet we wish to

be guests at your table; it will be better so for both."

Then Aietes's rage rushed up like a whirlwind, and his eyes flashed fire as he heard; but he crushed his anger down in his breast, and spoke mildly a cunning speech, —

"If you will fight for the fleece with my Colchians, then many a man must die. But do you indeed expect to win from me the fleece in fight? So few you are that if you be worsted I can load your ship with your corpses. But if you will be ruled by me, you will find it better far to choose the best man among you, and let him fulfill the labors which I demand. Then I will give him the golden fleece for a prize and a glory to you all."

So saying, he turned his horses and drove back in silence to the town. And the Minuai sat silent with sorrow; for there was no facing the thousands of the Colchians and the fearful chance of war.

But Chalciope, Phrixus's widow, went weeping to the town; for she remembered her Minuan husband, and all the pleasures of her youth, while she watched the fair faces of his kinsmen, and their long locks of golden hair, and she whispered to Medeia, —

"Why should all these brave men die? Why does not my father give them up the fleece, that my husband's spirit may have rest?"

And Medeia thought of Jason and his brave countenance, and said,—

"If there was one among them who knew no fear, I could show him how to win the fleece."

So in the dusk of evening they went down to the river-side, Chalciope and Medeia the witch-maiden, and Argus, Phrixus's son. And Argus the boy crept forward, among the beds of reeds, till he came where the heroes were sleeping, on the thwarts of the ship, beneath the bank, while Jason kept ward on shore, and leant upon his lance full of thought. And the boy came to Jason and said,—

"I am the son of Phrixus, your cousin; and Chalciope my mother waits for you, to talk about the golden fleece."

Then Jason went boldly with the boy, and found the two princesses standing; and when Chalciope saw him she wept, and took his hands, and cried,—

"O cousin of my beloved, go home before you die!"

"It would be base to go home now, fair princess, and to have sailed all these seas in vain."

"But you know not," said Medeia, "what he must do who would win the fleece. He must tame the two brazen-footed bulls, who breathe devouring flame; and with them he must plough ere nightfall four acres in the field of Ares; and he must sow

them with serpents' teeth, of which each tooth springs up into an armed man. Then he must fight with all those warriors; and little will it profit him to conquer them, for the fleece is guarded by a serpent, more huge than any mountain pine; and over his body you must step if you would reach the golden fleece."

Then Jason laughed bitterly.

"Unjustly is that fleece kept here, and by an unjust and lawless king; and unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt it ere another sun be set."

Then Medeia trembled, and said,—

"No mortal man can reach that fleece unless I guide him through. For round it, beyond the river, is a wall full nine ells high, with mighty gates of threefold brass; and over the gateway sits Brimo,[1] the wild witch-huntress of the woods, brandishing a pine-torch in her hands, while her mad hounds howl around. No man dare meet her or look on her, but only I her priestess, and she watches far and wide lest any stranger should come near."

"No wall so high but it may be climbed at last, and no wood so thick but it may be crawled through; no serpent so wary but he may be charmed, or witch-queen so fierce but spells may soothe her; and I may

[1] brē' mō.

yet win the golden fleece, if a wise maiden help bold men." And he looked at Medeia cunningly, and held her with his glittering eye, till she blushed and said,—

"If it must be so—for why should you die?—I have an ointment here. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you seven men's strength; and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword can harm you. But what you begin you must end before sunset, for its virtue lasts only one day. And anoint your helmet with it before you sow the serpents' teeth; and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among their ranks, and the deadly crop of the War-god's field will mow itself, and perish."

Then Jason fell on his knees before her, and thanked her, and kissed her hands; and she gave him the vase of ointment, and fled trembling through the reeds.

And at sunrise Jason went and bathed, and anointed himself from head to foot, and his shield and his helmet and his weapons, and bade his comrades try the spell. So they tried to bend his lance, but it stood like an iron bar; then they hurled their lances at his shield, but the spear-points turned like lead; and Caineus[1] tried to throw him, but he never stirred a foot; and Polydeuces[2] struck him with his

[1] kī′ nūs. [2] pŏl ĭ dū′ sēz.

fist a blow which would have killed an ox, but Jason only smiled, and the heroes danced about him with delight; and he leapt, and ran, and shouted in the joy of that enormous strength, till the sun rose, and it was time to go to claim Aietes's promise.

And they went up among the marble walls, and beneath the roofs of gold, and stood in Aietes's hall, while he grew pale with rage.

"Fulfill your promise to us, child of the blazing Sun. Give us the serpents' teeth, and let loose the fiery bulls; for we have found a champion among us who can win the golden fleece."

And Aietes bit his lips, for he fancied that they had fled away by night; but he could not go back from his promise, so he gave them the serpents' teeth. Then he called for his chariot and his horses, and sent heralds through all the town; and all the people went out with him to the dreadful War-god's field.

And there Aietes sat upon his throne, with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands, clothed from head to foot in steel chain-mail. And the people crowded to every window and bank and wall; while the Minuai stood together, a mere handful in the midst of that great host. And Chalciope was there, and Argus, trembling, and Medeia, wrapped closely in her veil; but Aietes did not know that she was muttering cunning spells.

Then Jason cried,—

"Fulfill your promise, and let your fiery bulls come forth."

Then Aietes bade open the gates, and the magic bulls leapt out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground, and their nostrils sent out sheets of flame, as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason; but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept round him, but it singed not a hair of his head; and the bulls stopped short and trembled when Medeia began her spell.

Then Jason sprang upon the nearest and seized him by the horn; and up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell groveling on his knees; for the heart of the brute died within him, and his mighty limbs were loosed, beneath the steadfast eye of that dark witch-maiden and the magic whisper of her lips. So both the bulls were tamed and yoked; and Jason bound them to the plough, and goaded them onward with his lance till he had ploughed the sacred field.

And all the Minuai shouted; but Aietes bit his lips with rage, for the half of Jason's work was over, and the sun was yet high in heaven.

Then he took the serpents' teeth and sowed them, and waited what would befall. But Medeia looked at him and at his helmet, lest he should forget the lesson she had taught.

And every furrow heaved and bubbled, and out of every clod arose a man. Out of the earth they rose by thousands, each clad from head to foot in steel, and drew their swords and rushed on Jason, where he stood in the midst alone.

Then the Minuai grew pale with fear for him; but Aietes laughed a bitter laugh.

"See! if I had not warriors enough already round me, I could call them out of the bosom of the earth."

But Jason snatched off his helmet, and hurled it into the thickest of the throng. And blind madness came upon them, suspicion, hate, and fear; and one cried to his fellow, "Thou didst strike me!" and another, "Thou art Jason; thou shalt die!" So fury seized those earth-born phantoms, and each turned his hand against the rest; and they fought and were never weary, till they all lay dead upon the ground. Then the magic furrows opened, and the kind earth took them home into her breast; and the grass grew up all green again above them, and Jason's work was done.

Then the Minuai shouted. And Jason cried,—

"Lead me to the fleece this moment, before the sun goes down." But Aietes thought,—

"He has conquered the bulls, and sown and reaped the deadly crop. Who is this who is proof against all magic? He may kill the serpent yet." So he

delayed, and sat taking counsel with his princes till the sun went down and all was dark. Then he bade a herald cry, —

"Every man to his home for to-night. To-morrow we will meet these heroes, and speak about the golden fleece."

Then he turned and looked at Medeia.

"This is your doing, false witch-maid! You have helped these yellow-haired strangers, and brought shame upon your father and yourself!"

Medeia shrank and trembled, and her face grew pale with fear; and Aietes knew that she was guilty, and whispered, —

"If they win the fleece, you die!"

But the Minuai marched toward their ship, growling like lions cheated of their prey; for they saw that Aietes meant to mock them, and to cheat them out of all their toil.

And after a while Medeia came trembling, and wept a long while before she spoke. And at last, —

"My end is come, and I must die; for my father has found out that I have helped you. You he would kill if he dared; but he will not harm you, because you have been his guests. Go, then, go, and remember poor Medeia when you are far away across the sea." But all the heroes cried, —

"If you die, we die with you; for without you we

cannot win the fleece, and home we will not go without it, but fall here fighting to the last man."

"You need not die," said Jason. "Flee home with us across the sea. Show us first how to win the fleece; for you can do it. Why else are you the priestess of the grove? Show us but how to win the fleece, and come with us, and you shall be my queen, and rule over the rich princes of the Minuai, in Iolcos by the sea."

And all the heroes pressed round, and vowed to her that she should be their queen.

Medeia wept, and shuddered, and hid her face in her hands; for her heart yearned after her sisters and her playfellows, and the home where she was brought up as a child. But at last she looked up at Jason, and spoke between her sobs, —

"Must I leave my home and my people to wander with strangers across the sea? The lot is cast, and I must endure it. I will show you how to win the golden fleece. Bring up your ship to the wood-side, and moor her there against the bank; and let Jason come up at midnight, and one brave comrade with him, and meet me beneath the wall."

Then all the heroes cried together, "I will go!" "and I!" "and I!"

But Medeia calmed them, and said, —

"Orpheus shall go with Jason, and bring his

magic harp; for I hear of him that he is the king of all minstrels, and can charm all things on earth."

And Orpheus laughed for joy, and clapped his hands, because the choice had fallen on him; for in those days poets and singers were as bold warriors as the best.

So at midnight they went up the bank, and found Medeia; and beside came her young brother, leading a yearling lamb.

Then Medeia brought them to a thicket beside the War-god's gate; and there she bade Jason dig a ditch, and kill the lamb, and leave it there, and strew on it magic herbs and honey from the honeycomb.

Then sprang up through the earth, with the red fire flashing before her, Brimo the wild witch-huntress, while her mad hounds howled around. She had one head like a horse's, and another like a ravening hound's, and another like a hissing snake's, and a sword in either hand. And she leapt into the ditch with her hounds, and they ate and drank their fill, while Jason and Orpheus trembled, and Medeia hid her eyes. And at last the witch-queen vanished, and fled with her hounds into the woods; and the bars of the gates fell down, and the brazen doors flew wide, and Medeia and the heroes ran forward and hurried through the poison wood, among the dark stems of the mighty beeches, guided by the

gleam of the golden fleece, until they saw it hanging on one vast tree in the midst. And Jason would have sprung to seize it; but Medeia held him back, and pointed, shuddering, to the tree-foot, where the mighty serpent lay, coiled in and out among the roots, with a body like a mountain pine. His coils stretched many a fathom, spangled with bronze and gold; and half of him they could see, but no more, for the rest lay in the darkness far beyond.

And when he saw them coming he lifted up his head, and watched them with his small bright eyes, and flashed his forked tongue, and roared like the fire among the woodlands, till the forest tossed and groaned.

But Medeia called gently to him, and he stretched out his long spotted neck, and licked her hand, and looked up in her face, as if to ask for food. Then she made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song. And as he sung, the forest grew calm again, and the leaves on every tree hung still; and the serpent's head sank down, and his brazen coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child.

Then Jason leapt forward warily, and stept across that mighty snake, and tore the fleece from off the tree-trunk; and the four rushed down the garden, to the bank where the *Argo* lay.

There was a silence for a moment, while Jason held the golden fleece on high. Then he cried, —

"Go now, good *Argo*, swift and steady, if ever you would see Pelion more."

And she went, as the heroes drove her, grim and silent all, with muffled oars, till the pine-wood bent like willow in their hands, and stout *Argo* groaned beneath their strokes.

On and on, beneath the dewy darkness, they fled swiftly down the swirling stream; underneath black walls, and temples, and the castles of the princes of the East; past sluice-mouths, and fragrant gardens, and groves of all strange fruits; past marshes where fat kine lay sleeping, and long beds of whispering reeds; till they heard the merry music of the surge upon the bar, as it tumbled in the moonlight all alone.

Into the surge they rushed, and *Argo* leapt the breakers like a horse, till the heroes stopped all panting, each man upon his oar, as she slid into the still broad sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp, and sang a paean, till the heroes' hearts rose high again; and they rowed on stoutly and steadfastly, away into the darkness of the West.

Abridged.

ORPHEUS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
  Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
  There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
  Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
  Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Henry the Eighth, Act iii, Sc. 1.

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off! Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off! The flag is passing by!

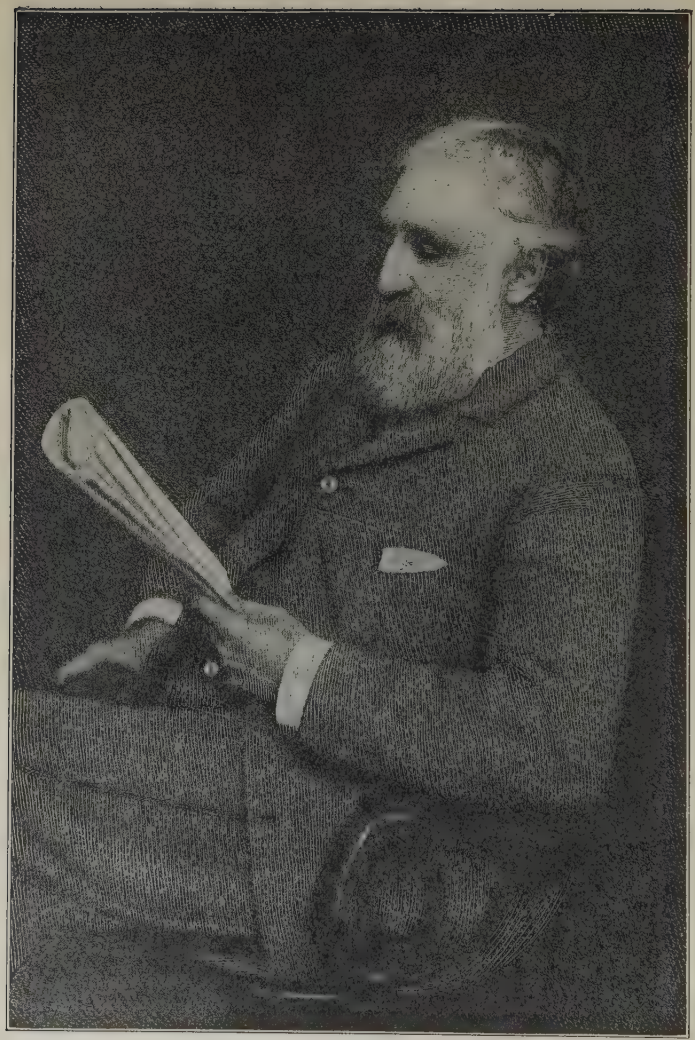
Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off! The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off! Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off! The flag is passing by!



C. D. Warner

PART II. STUDY OF AUTHORS

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

"I've just had a good-morning from Mr. Warner, and I'm a happy girl for the day!"

That was what a young friend exclaimed one day to Mr. Clemens, the famous author "Mark Twain," who was a neighbor of Mr. Warner's in Hartford. It tells a story in itself; for everyone who knew Mr. Warner loved him. They loved his cheery face and his keen, kind eyes; and his helpful, happy nature; and his friendliness and his sympathy; and his big fine mind, that understood so much; and his witty sayings; and his public speeches; and whatever he wrote for magazines and newspapers; and his books.

Does n't that sound like rather a big man? And so Mr. Warner was — a very big man — when we come to measure character. And like all such big men, he had made his world a very large world. Let us see some of the things he was interested in.

First, he was editor of an important newspaper, the Hartford *Courant*, which he superintended and wrote for continuously; and that means that he was interested in all the news — politics and business and war, and the acts of people everywhere.

Then, because he was interested in people everywhere, he traveled a great deal — from Canada to Mexico, and through Egypt and Europe — to find out how the people lived, whether comfortably or poorly, and why. He would drop into schoolhouses and talk with the teachers and the classes, and chat with shopkeepers and laborers as well as public officials, to find out what he wanted to know. He was especially interested in prisons, and he visited a great many; for he thought them very badly managed. He believed that, as crime is so often the result of ignorance and bad bringing up, the prisons should educate the criminals till they had outgrown their bad habits. If they were not changed by some good influence, they would come out of prison as bad as when they went in, or worse. Mr. Warner was so deeply interested in this subject that once, when a friend asked him to lecture before a social club, expecting that he would give just an entertaining, witty talk, he replied, —

"Yes, I will go if you will let me speak upon prisons. I have n't the time to talk upon any other subject."

Whatever he was interested in, he wrote about; for he believed that knowledge and experience can do the most good when they are written down as literature, for then everyone may read what has been said and done, and better things may be done

and said hereafter. And this brings us to another of Mr. Warner's interests. That was, practicing to write what he had to say so clearly and simply and well that everyone would enjoy reading it and want to read it. That is very encouraging, don't you think so?

Now let us see what were his books — and there were more than twenty of them.

Perhaps his best-known books about places are those he wrote about Egypt and the East, "My Winter on the Nile" and "In the Levant." But, as we have said, a book always grew out of his travels anywhere, and most of them make very happy reading. You must read some day his story of camping out, called "In the Wilderness."

Some of Mr. Warner's books are what are called "essays"; they are comments or opinions about different things, written down very much as if they were one person's remarks in a long conversation. Once, during our great Civil War, when all the country was down-at-heart, Mr. Warner thought that he must write something to cheer the people up. So once a week, side by side with his grave editorials on the war, appeared a little essay on gardening — his own amusing experiences in taking care of his garden. People read those gladly, as a great relief from the sad war news. They make the book called "My Summer in a Garden."

But the book that you will like best now is "Being a Boy." And you will surely like it all the better, knowing that the Boy is Mr. Warner himself. That is the way that he began life — as a boy on a farm.

He was born up in the hills of Massachusetts, on the farm where his father died. Then, when he was eight years old, his mother sold the place and gave up her comforts, as mothers will, so that she might save the money for her boy's education; for his father's last words had been, "Charles must go to college." The farm in "Being a Boy" is the farm of his guardian, Mr. Jonas Patch, in Charlemont, near his birthplace. He lived there for four years until he went with his mother out to her old home in New York State, where he prepared for college, Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York.

He worked as much as he could to help pay his own way through college; at one time he was in a printing-office, and then in a bookstore, then clerk in a post-office. And after he was through college, he studied law; and when he came to the Hartford paper, he won his place and his fame by doing things while other people were just thinking about them. Well, as Mr. Warner says of being a boy, "it needs some practice to be a good one"; and men are but boys grown tall.

BEING A BOY

I. DRIVING THE OXEN

One of the best things in the world to be is a boy; it requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that it does not last long enough; it is soon over; just as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do and not half so much fun.

And yet every boy is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions that are put upon him as a boy. Good fun as it is to yoke up the calves and play work, there is not a boy on a farm but would rather drive a yoke of oxen at real work. What a glorious feeling it is, indeed, when a boy is for the first time given the long whip and permitted to drive the oxen, walking by their side, swinging the long lash, and shouting "Gee, Buck!" "Haw, Golden!" "Whoa, Bright!" and all the rest of that remarkable language, until he is red in the face, and all the neighbors for half a mile are aware that something unusual is going on. If I were a boy, I am not sure but I would rather drive the oxen than have a birthday.

The proudest day of my life was one day when I rode on the neap of the cart, and drove the oxen, all alone, with a load of apples to the cider-mill. I was so little that it was a wonder that I did n't fall off, and get under the broad wheels. Nothing could make a boy, who cared anything for his appearance, feel flatter than to be run over by the broad tire of a cart wheel. But I never heard of one who was, and I don't believe one ever will be.

As I said, it was a great day for me, but I don't remember that the oxen cared much about it. They sagged along in their great clumsy way, switching their tails in my face occasionally, and now and then giving a lurch to this or that side of the road, attracted by a choice tuft of grass. And then I stood up and "hollered" with all my might, as everybody does with oxen, as if they were born deaf, and whacked them with the long lash over the head, just as the big folks did when they drove.

I think now that it was a cowardly thing to crack the patient old fellows over the face and eyes, and make them wink in their meek manner. If I am ever a boy again on a farm, I shall speak gently to the oxen, and not go screaming round the farm like a crazy man; and I shall not hit them a cruel cut with the lash every few minutes, because it looks big to do so and I cannot think of anything else to

do. I never liked lickings myself, and I don't know why an ox should like them, especially as he cannot reason about the moral improvement he is to get out of them.

II. THE DISTRICT SCHOOL

I never knew a boy farmer who was not eager to go to the district school in the winter. There is such a chance for learning, that he must be a dull boy who does not come out in the spring a fair skater, an accurate snowballer, and an accomplished slider-down-hill, with or without a board, on his seat, on his stomach, or on his feet.

Take a moderate hill, with a foot-slide down it worn to icy smoothness, and a "go-round" of boys on it, and there is nothing like it for whittling away boot leather. The boy is the shoemaker's friend. An active lad can wear down a pair of cowhide soles in a week so that the ice will scrape his toes.

Sledding or coasting is also slow fun compared to the "bare-back" sliding down a steep hill over a hard, glistening crust. It is not only dangerous, but it is destructive to jacket and pantaloons to a degree to make a tailor laugh. If any other animal wore out his skin as fast as a schoolboy wears out his clothes in winter, it would need a new one once a month.

What I liked best at school, however, was the

study of history, early history, the Indian wars. We studied it mostly at noontime, and we had it illustrated as the children nowadays have "object lessons,"—though our object was not so much to have lessons as it was to revive real history.

Back of the schoolhouse rose a round hill, upon which, tradition said, had stood in colonial times a block-house, built by the settlers for defense against the Indians. For the Indians had the idea that the whites were not settled enough, and used to come nights to settle them with a tomahawk. It was called Fort Hill. It was very steep on each side, and the river ran close by. It was a charming place in summer, where one could find laurel, and checkerberries, and sassafras roots, and sit in the cool breeze, looking at the mountains across the river, and listening to the murmur of the Deerfield.

The boys at our school divided themselves into two parties; one was the Early Settlers and the other the Pequots, the latter the most numerous. The Early Settlers built a snow fort on the hill, and a strong fortress it was, constructed of snowballs, rolled up to a vast size, piled one upon another, and the whole cemented by pouring on water which froze and made the walls solid. The Pequots helped the whites build it. It had a covered way under the snow, through which only could it be entered, and

it had bastions and towers and openings to fire from, and a great many other things for which there are no names in military books. And it had a glacis and a ditch outside.

When it was completed, the Early Settlers, leaving the women in the schoolhouse, a prey to the Indians, used to retire into it, and await the attack of the Pequots. There was only a handful of the garrison, while the Indians were many, and also barbarous. It was agreed that they should be barbarous. And it was in this light that the great question was settled whether a boy might snowball with balls that he had soaked over night in water and let freeze. They were as hard as cobblestones, and if a boy should be hit in the head by one of them he could not tell whether he was a Pequot or an Early Settler. It was considered as unfair to use these iceballs in an open fight, as it is to use poisoned ammunition in real war. But as the whites were protected by the fort, and the Indians were treacherous by nature, it was decided that the latter might use the hard missiles.

The Pequots used to come swarming up the hill, with hideous war-whoops, attacking the fort on all sides with great noise and a shower of balls. The garrison replied with yells of defiance and well-directed shots, hurling back the invaders when they

attempted to scale the walls. The Settlers had the advantage of position, but they were sometimes overpowered by numbers, and would often have had to surrender but for the ringing of the school bell. The Pequots were in great fear of the school bell.

I do not remember that the whites ever hauled down their flag and surrendered voluntarily; but once or twice the fort was carried by storm and the garrison were massacred to a boy, and thrown out of the fortress, having been first scalped. To take a boy's cap was to scalp him, and after that he was dead, if he played fair. There were a great many hard hits given and taken, but always cheerfully, for it was in the cause of our early history.

III. THE SUGAR CAMP

I think there is no part of farming the boy enjoys more than the making of maple sugar; it is better than "blackberrying," and nearly as good as fishing. And one reason he likes this work is that somebody else does the most of it. It is a sort of work in which he can appear to be very active, and yet not do much.

In my day maple-sugar-making used to be something between picnicking and being ship-wrecked on a fertile island, where one should save from the

wreck tubs and augers, and great kettles and pork, and hen's eggs and rye-and-indian bread, and begin at once to lead the sweetest life in the world.

I am told that it is something different nowadays, and that there is more desire to save the sap, and make good, pure sugar, and sell it for a large price, than there used to be, and that the old fun and picturesqueness of the business are pretty much gone. I am told that it is the custom to carefully collect the sap and bring it to the house, where there are built brick arches, over which it is evaporated in shallow pans, and that pains is taken to keep the leaves, sticks, and ashes and coals out of it, and that the sugar is clarified; and that, in short, it is a money-making business, in which there is very little fun, and that the boy is not allowed to dip his paddle into the kettle of boiling sugar and lick off the delicious sirup. The prohibition may improve the sugar, but it is cruel to the boy.

As I remember the New England boy (and I am very intimate with one), he used to be on the *qui vive* in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins, — a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head, or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground

from which the snow had melted. The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy, and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots, and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little. The country boy goes barefoot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds, which were packed and varnished over in the fall to keep the water and the frost out. Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple trees with his jack-knife; at any rate, he is pretty sure to announce the discovery as he comes running into the house in a great state of excitement — as if he had heard a hen cackle in the barn — with, "Sap 's runnin'!"

And then, indeed, the stir and excitement begin. The sap buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the woodhouse, and which the boy has occasionally climbed up to look at with another boy, for they are full of sweet suggestions of the annual spring frolic, — the sap buckets are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded. The snow is still a foot or two feet deep in the woods, and the ox-sled is got out to make a road to the sugar camp, and the campaign begins. The boy is everywhere present, superintending everything, asking questions, and filled with a desire to help the excitement.

It is a great day when the cart is loaded with the buckets and the procession starts into the woods. The sun shines into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it; the snow is soft and beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling up everywhere; the snow-birds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting and of the blows of the axe echoes far and wide. This is spring, and the boy can scarcely contain his delight that his outdoor life is about to begin again.

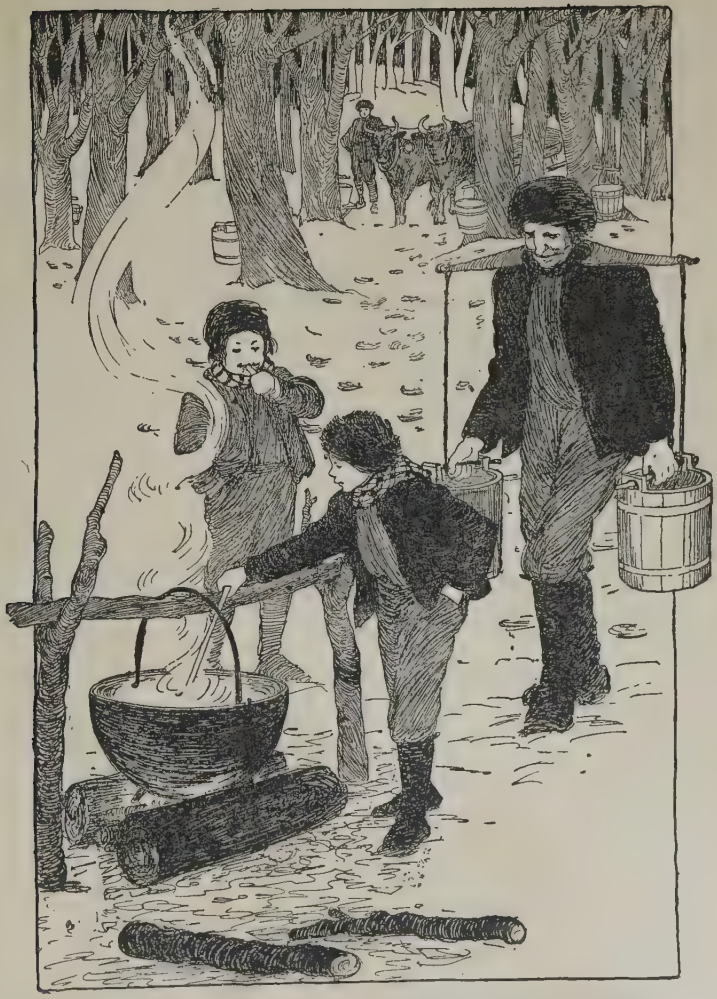
In the first place the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and hang the buckets under. The boy watches all these operations with the greatest interest. He wishes that some time, when a hole is bored in a tree, the sap would spout out in a stream as it does when a cider barrel is tapped; but it never does, it only drops, sometimes almost in a stream, but on the whole slowly, and the boy learns that the sweet things of the world have to be patiently waited for, and do not usually come otherwise than drop by drop.

Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is re-covered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them. Forked sticks are set at each end, and a long pole is laid on them, and on this are hung the great caldron kettles. The huge

hogsheads are turned right side up, and cleaned out to receive the sap that is gathered. And now, if there is a good "sap run," the establishment is under full headway.

The great fire that is kindled up is never let out, night or day, as long as the season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap; somebody is required to watch the kettles that they do not boil over, and to fill them. It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details. He has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling-place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle. In the great kettles the boiling goes on slowly; and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to another, until in the end kettle it is reduced to sirup, and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar-off." To "sugar-off" is to boil the sirup until it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event, and is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his kettle down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes; he is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to



SOMETIMES HE IS LEFT TO WATCH THE BOILING KETTLES.

make a little wax on the snow, or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle, he is happy. A good deal is wasted on his hands, and the outside of his face, and on his clothes, but he does not care; he is not stingy.

To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles, with a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass when it threatens to go over. He is constantly tasting of it, however, to see if it is not almost sirup. He has a long round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue. The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes; he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness, that his own mother would n't know him.

He likes to boil eggs in the hot sap; he likes to roast potatoes in the ashes, and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted. Some of the hired men sleep in the bough shanty and keep the fire blazing all night. To sleep there with them, and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees, and see the sparks fly up to the sky, is a perfect realization of all the stories of adventures he has ever read. He tells the other boys afterwards that he heard something in the night that sounded

very much like a bear. The hired man says that he was very much scared by the hooting of an owl.

The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring-off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited; sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter and little affectations of fright. The white snow still lies on all the ground except the warm spot about the camp. The tree branches all show distinctly in the light of the fire, which sends its ruddy glare far into the darkness, and lights up the bough shanty, the hogsheads, the buckets on the trees, and the group about the boiling kettles, until the scene is like something taken out of a fairy play.

At these sugar parties every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practiced in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple sugar, that though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick and loathe the thought of it, you will want it the next day more than ever. At the "sugaring-off," they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed, without crystallizing, into a sort of wax, which I do suppose is the most delicious substance that was ever invented. And it takes a great while

to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it, he would be unable to open his mouth until it dissolved. The sensation while it is melting is very pleasant, but one cannot converse.

The boy used to make a big lump of it and give it to the dog, who seized it with great avidity, and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will on anything. It was funny the next moment to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face when he found that he could not open his jaws. He shook his head; he sat down in despair; he ran round in a circle; he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree, and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled. But that was the one thing he could not do.

Abridged.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

A tow-headed, freckled-faced boy who attended school at Greenfield, a small town in Indiana, disliked more than anything else the hour set apart on Friday afternoons for the speaking of "pieces" by the children. His name was James Whitcomb Riley, though he did not in those days "spell it out" as the world has since become familiar with it. He was short sighted and extremely shy; and, while he learned poems and speeches without trouble, he blushed and stammered when called to the platform to recite them before visitors and his companions in the school. But he was a persevering lad, and after he had overcome his bashfulness he enjoyed his appearances before these small audiences.

This early training in the art of speaking verse in a way to make others enjoy and appreciate it was to influence his whole life. The poems of Robert Burns taught him that the homely speech of simple rustic folk may, in the hands of a master, become literature; and he began to understand from the life around him that kindness, friendliness, and neighborliness are among the things that brighten all the

world. He learned from Longfellow that the history and traditions of our own country are just as interesting as the lore of other lands. In a little while young Riley began to make verses of his own, carrying them in his memory at first, without writing them down; and he found this one of the most delightful of pastimes.

The fields and woods were so near that young James Riley experienced many of the pleasures of farm life without ever really living on a farm. He spent his holidays wandering through the woods and loitering beside the little creeks. His imagination was awakened, and he amused himself by "making up" stories about the travelers who passed his father's house on the National Road. So he lived the life of a country-town boy, carefree and happy; but all this time, without knowing it, he was hiding away poems in his heart.

While still in school he was conscious that the speech of the country people he knew — that is, their way of talking — was different from that of their educated city cousins. It was not Scotch as he had learned it from Burns; and it was not at all like the New England dialect of the "Biglow Papers." The people of Indiana are called Hoosiers, just as New Englanders are called Yankees; and the speech of the country people is called the Hoosier

dialect, though nowadays, thanks to the state's generous provision for schools, the Hoosiers speak very much like their neighbors in other states of the Mississippi valley. Unconsciously he stored his mind with words and phrases, and presently he began to use these in his verses. For example, after he had recited "Darius Green and His Flying Machine" at school, he attempted to rewrite Mr. Trowbridge's poem as an Indiana farmer would have spoken it.

Hardly anyone looked seriously on young Riley's attempts to write verses; but Mr. Lee O. Harris, one of his Greenfield teachers, who was himself a writer of poems, encouraged the boy and gave him helpful books to read. Mr. Riley has always gladly acknowledged his indebtedness to this wise, stimulating counselor of his youth. While the young Hoosier lad was making verses, other things interested him too. He found that he readily learned to play the violin, the guitar, the banjo, and other instruments; and he derived almost as much pleasure from drawing pictures as from making rhymes.

He left school when he was sixteen and was apprenticed to a house painter, learning the trade in all its branches. Then after four or five years he turned his talent for drawing to account and became a sign painter, traveling from town to town and painting signs for country merchants. His family

wished him to become a lawyer, and at intervals he read law in his father's office in Greenfield, but law books proved dry reading to a youth who loved Shakespeare and Keats, and who had never stopped trying to make verses. For a short time he traveled with a patent medicine van, thrumming the guitar or banjo to attract a crowd. These experiences were of value in bringing him in touch with all kinds of people. He studied the odd characters he met in the small Indiana towns and added to his knowledge of Nature an equally valuable knowledge of Human Nature. To drive from town to town and watch the people who gathered about the doctor's van was, to the young Hoosier, like a delightful adventure in a story.

But he soon wearied of this wandering life. The wish to write grew stronger; and, as no one would pay for his poetry, he found employment as a newspaper reporter at Anderson, Indiana. Presently he was asked to join the staff of the Indianapolis Journal, to fill a column once a week with poems. These were widely copied, particularly those written in the dialect of the Indiana country people, which he signed "Benjamin F. Johnson, of Boone," pretending at first they were the work of a farmer. He was soon called upon to recite his poems in every part of the country, and he was grateful now for the training of the Greenfield school; for, just as he had learned

to recite Burns and Longfellow, he learned to speak his own poems so well that thousands of people in every part of the land were moved by their truth, sweetness, and humor.

His first important recognition by critical literary men of the East came in 1887 when he appeared in New York at an authors' reading at which Lowell presided. He had long been a favorite in the poets' corner of newspapers, but now his work was gladly printed by the best magazines, and he began issuing volumes of his poems to satisfy the growing demand for his writings. Many people visit Indianapolis to see him, just as he once went to Cambridge to see Longfellow, the poet he has always loved best. He lives in Lockerbie street, — the quietest of little streets, so tucked away that even people who have lived all their lives in Indianapolis often get lost in trying to find it. Once he crossed the ocean to visit the haunts of Burns, Dickens, and other favorite writers; but he rarely leaves home now except for automobile trips into the country.

Mr. Riley's appearance is not unlike that of any business or professional man who habitually dresses tastefully and neatly. But a stranger would turn anywhere for a second glance at Mr. Riley's clean-shaven face, which is like an actor's in its quick changes from grave to gay, and at his fine gray

eyes, where the fun is always showing behind his twinkling eye glasses.

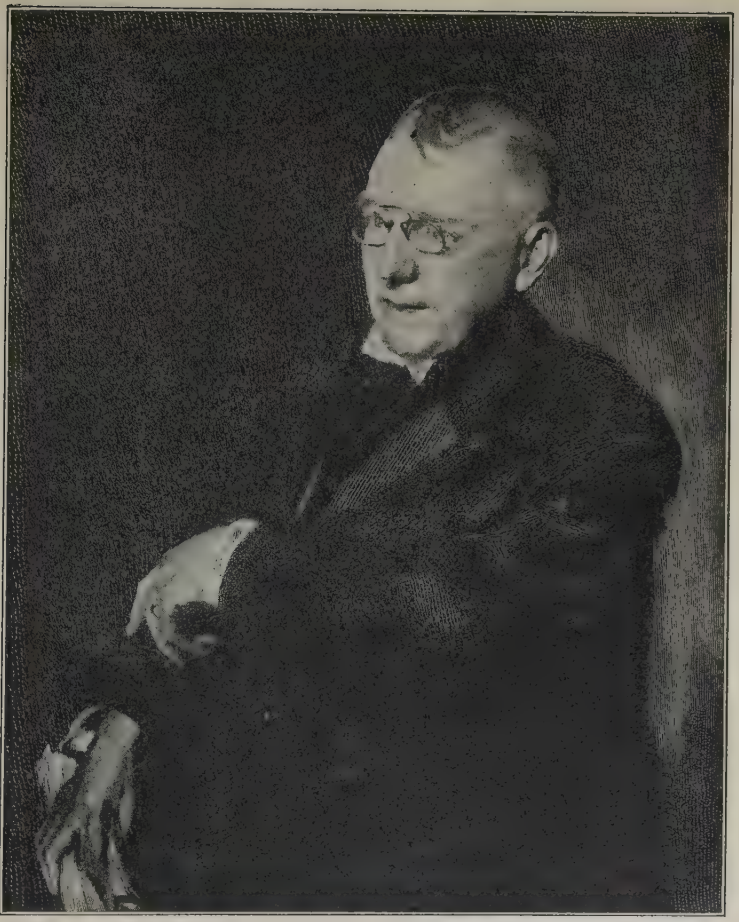
Yale University has given him the degree of Master of Arts, and the University of Pennsylvania that of Doctor of Letters; but nothing has pleased him more than the setting apart of his birthday (October 7) for special honor in the schools of Indiana.

Mr. Riley's careful attention to simple things is shown in such verses as "After the Rain." It is clear from "The Circus Parade" that he knows what children feel and think, and he has proved this in many other poems; and in "Old Aunt Mary's" we see how his sympathy and art make this kindly woman not merely the poet's "Aunt Mary" but an "Aunt Mary" such as we all must sometime have known. The "Old Glory" of which he sings is the flag of our great America that represents the highest hopes and the noblest faith of man.

A SUDDEN SHOWER[1]

Barefooted boys scud up the street
Or scurry under sheltering sheds;
And schoolgirl faces, pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.

[1] From "Rhymes of Childhood" by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1890. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.



From the portrait by Sargent.

Courtesy The Art Association of Indianapolis and the H. Lieber Company

— James Whitcomb Riley

Doors bang; and mother-voices call
From alien homes; and rusty gates
Are slammed; and high above it all,
The thunder grim reverberates.

And then, abrupt, — the rain! the rain! —
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes
Behind the streaming window-pane
Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The highway smokes; sharp echoes ring;
The cattle bawl and cow-bells clank;
And into town comes galloping
The farmer's horse, with steaming flank.

The swallow dips beneath the eaves
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;
And under the catawba leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.

The bumblebee is pelted down
The wet stem of the hollyhock;
And sullenly, in spattered brown,
The cricket leaps the garden walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands
And crows with rapture strange and vague;
Without, beneath the rose-bush stands
A dripping rooster on one leg.

OLD AUNT MARY'S[1]

Was n't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth — when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear to-day!
Though I am as bald as you are gray —
Out by the barn-lot, and down the lane,
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

We cross the pasture, and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread

[1] From "Afterwhiles," by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1887. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof! — And her face — ah, me!
Was n't it good for a boy to see —
And was n't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

The jelly — the jam and the marmalade,
And the cherry and quince "preserves" she made!
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,
With cinnamon in 'em, and all things rare! —
And the more we ate was the more to spare,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

And the old spring-house in the cool green gloom
Of the willow-trees, — and the cooler room
Where the swinging shelves and the crocks were kept —
Where the cream in a golden languor slept
While the waters gurgled and laughed and wept —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits *to-day*

To welcome us: — Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering — "Tell
The boys to come!" And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

A SONG[1]

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
There is ever a something sings alway:
There 's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue:

[1] From "Afterwhiles," by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1887. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.

The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —
There is ever a song somewhere!

THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE[1]

Oh! the Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

[1] From "Rhymes of Childhood," by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1890. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor
all its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never
known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of every
kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture
undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes
of white and blue
And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and
you,
Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in
days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the
spangles that they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant
was eyed,
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at
his side!
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of
their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they
came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air!

And, last of all, The Clown, making mirth for all the town,
With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

Oh! the Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY[1]

Old Glory! say, who
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we 're wanting you to?—
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?
The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

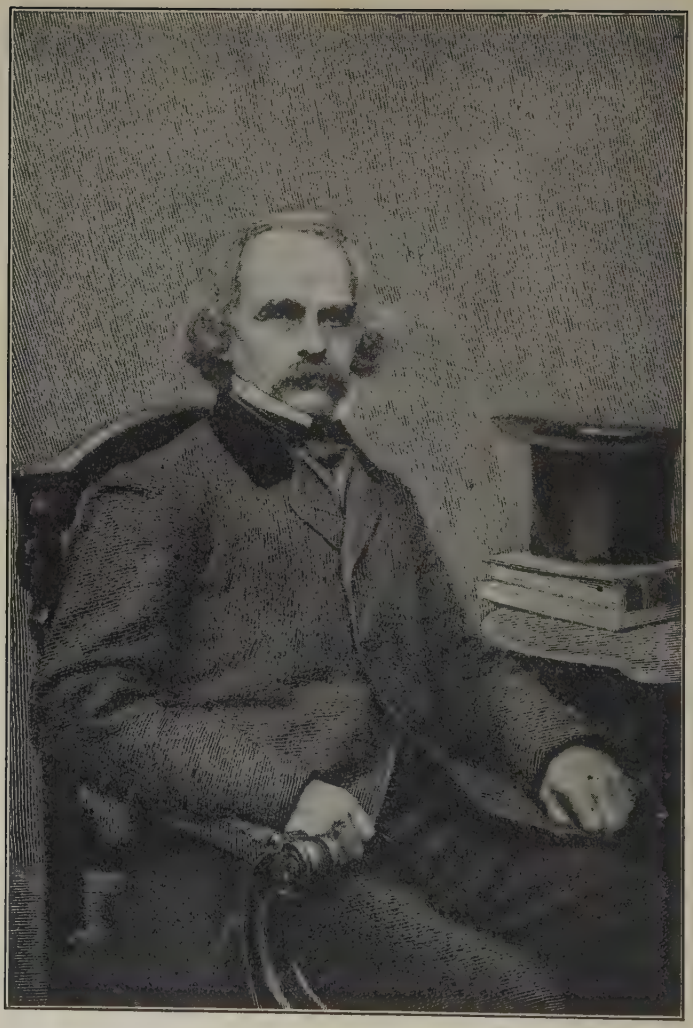
[1] From "Home Folks," by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1897. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Old Glory, — speak out! — we are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy way —
We — the *crowd*, every man of us, calling you that —
We — Tom, Dick, and Harry, each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
When — *Lord!* — we all know we 're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone. —
And this is the reason we 're wanting to know —
(And we 're wanting it *so!*
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.) —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory — O-ho! —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?
The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.

Old Glory: the story we 're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were, —
For your name — just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear; —

And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There 's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always — or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?
Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said: —
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their Heaven of stars overhead —
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod, —
My name is as old as the glory of God.
So I came by the name of Old Glory.



Nathaniel Hawthorne.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

In the old days of cocked hats and spinning wheels, the little town of Salem on the Massachusetts coast was a famous port. Ships, three-masted and full-sailed, came and went; and the long wharves bustled all day long with the loading and unloading of goods, and the hammering of ship-wrights, and calls of sailors, and greetings of bluff sea-captains back once more. To be an East India merchant, or master of a ship, was the ambition of many a Salem boy; their spacious gabled houses looked comfortably down upon the harbor and the wharf.

This was the state of the old town for more than a century; and then gradually it was outrivaled by the larger town of Boston, and its fame and its prosperity slipped away. The wharves and the streets grew quieter, and the quaint gabled houses sat half asleep, musing over the days gone by.

In one of these houses lived the family of a sea-captain who had died of fever in the far East. Every evening, just at dusk, a tall young man would stroll out of the house for a solitary walk. He spoke to no one, and no one spoke to him; indeed, he seemed not well acquainted in his native town.

It was of no importance to Salem then that this was Nathaniel Hawthorne. And she did not know that the reason why he was shut up in his room all day long was because he was writing stories.

Yet for twelve years Hawthorne practised writing, shut up in his silent room; for he had resolved to be an author. He threw away about half that he wrote, but many of the stories appeared from time to time in magazines and papers. At last the best of them were published in one volume, which he called "Twice-Told Tales"; and then for the first time his name appeared as the author. Longfellow, who had been a classmate of his at Bowdoin College, wrote a review of the book, praising it highly. But a great many people, even in Salem, did not read it at all, though many of the stories were about Salem — mysterious stories of the days of witchcraft.

Not long after, Hawthorne wrote another book of tales about the old colony days. These he called "The Whole History of Grandfather's Chair." You have here "The Pine-Tree Shillings," so you know how Grandfather tells the tales; and if you read the rest of the book, you will see what the old chair saw from the time it was brought over from England in Governor Winthrop's boatload of Pilgrims until it held General Washington himself.

If you could have seen Hawthorne in those days,

you would never have suspected that he was really living in the King's Province, long ago; for what he seemed to be doing most vigorously was weighing goods and gauging casks and measuring coal down on the Boston wharves. He was weigher and gauger for the Customs House of the port. Would anyone have guessed, to see him there, that he was to make old Salem far more famous than her captains or her merchants ever had?

When "politics" put another man in his place, he went to live for a while at Brook Farm just out of Boston. This was a company of writers and other talented men and women who had agreed to live and work together and share everything in common. And here Hawthorne turned farmer and cleaned the barnyard and planted and harvested and signed himself "NATH. HAWTHORNE, *Ploughman*."

He had lived so long with his books and his dreams and his pen that he felt it quite necessary now to learn to work among men, especially as he was soon to be married and have a home of his own.

That first home of his was in Concord, a quiet village somewhat inland from Boston. It was an old house, and its little checkered panes had watched the minute-men drive back the British in those first days of the Revolution. The clergyman of Concord had lived there, and it was called in English

fashion, "The Manse." It is standing still, and by that name it will always be remembered, for here Hawthorne wrote another book of old-time stories, which he called "Mosses from an Old Manse."

Writing did not pay well in those days, and the Hawthornes in their pretty village home were really very poor. But soon Hawthorne was appointed Surveyor of the Port of Salem, and took up his work as head of the Customs House down on the Salem wharf. Up in the attic of the old customs building he found some dust-covered relics of Salem's Puritan days; and out of one of these relics his wonderful imagination wove the greatest of his stories, "The Scarlet Letter." You would not enjoy the story now, but keep it in mind as a book to read when you are growing into men and women, for it is probably the greatest novel an American has written.

When Hawthorne's term as Surveyor ended, he took his family out to Lenox in the Berkshire Hills in western Massachusetts. He had now a daughter and a little son, and a second daughter was born at Lenox. Their father was the best and almost the only playmate they ever had. He could play at anything. Perhaps it was these playtimes that put him into the mood of writing those two happy books, "A Wonder-Book" and its sequel, "Tanglewood

Tales," which tell again some of the beautiful myths of ancient Greece. The stories are supposed to be told to a group of children who used to stay at a country place called "Tanglewood."

Out here among the hills Hawthorne wrote "The House of the Seven Gables." Tourists still go up and down the streets of Salem counting gables on the houses to discover just which one was the house of this story. But they will never find it; for though it might have been any one of those quaint old Puritan homes, this very house, like the romance that was lived in it, existed only in Hawthorne's mind. That, too, is a story to read when you are older.

It was not long after this that President Franklin Pierce, who had been one of Hawthorne's warmest friends at college, appointed him consul at the port of Liverpool in England. In England he was invited everywhere as a famous author, and he grew very fond of the land, as well he might. He wrote a book about it, which he called "Our Old Home."

Later on, he took his family to Italy. In Rome at that time, there was a colony of authors and painters and sculptors, many of whom were Americans; and Hawthorne enjoyed visiting their studios and talking with them about the wonderful works of art that are to be found in Rome. It was here that he gathered the material for his last great story,

"The Marble Faun"; and, in reading Hawthorne's romances, perhaps one should read that last of all.

Hawthorne's handsome face was now growing thin and careworn, and his hair was white. He went back to Concord. There he spent some time enlarging his house, "The Wayside," as he called it, which he had purchased from Mr. Alcott, the father of Louisa Alcott; and he built a little tower room where he could be quite alone to write. Every evening he would mount the wooded slope back of his house and, with his hands behind him, pace up and down the ridge, as he had been wont to do before he went abroad, planning out new stories. There are traces still of the path his footsteps made. He was trying to finish a story that he had begun in England, but it still remains unfinished. What it might have been we get some idea of from his journal, in which he jotted down his ideas for stories. His journals have been published; and they are as interesting as his stories, for we can see in them how the stories grew.

There were many writers in Hawthorne's day who grew famous in and near Concord. The Alcotts lived next door to the Hawthornes; and down the street, Emerson and Thoreau, whose books you will read some time; and our poets Longfellow and Lowell and Whittier and Holmes lived not far away. But, of these, Hawthorne is the one great novelist.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply

the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers — who were little better than pirates — had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the

mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box were over-flowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewall by name, came a-courting to his only daughter. His daughter — whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey — was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewall fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridemaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his

men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into the one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewall, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewall began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewall!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that 's worth her weight in silver!"

BENJAMIN WEST

In the year 1738 there came into the world, in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, a Quaker infant, from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things. A famous preacher of the Society of Friends had prophesied about little Ben, and foretold that he would be one of the most remarkable characters that had appeared on the earth since the days of William Penn. On this account, the eyes of many people were fixed upon the boy. Some of his ancestors had won great renown in the old wars of England and France; but it was probably expected that Ben would become a preacher.

and would convert multitudes to the peaceful doctrines of the Quakers. Friend West and his wife were thought to be very fortunate in having such a son.

Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing anything that was worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe who lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant. It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear.

"How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!"

Now Ben, at this period of life, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for

hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself. On a table near at hand there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

"Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face.

At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and joy.

"Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!"

And then she threw her arms around our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterwards was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

As Ben grew older, he was observed to take vast

"Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!"

delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature. In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

In these old times the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there.

These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he had now three colors, — red, blue, and yellow, — and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

But all this time the young artist had no paint-

brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he had sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paintbrushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon — what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, who was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

"Puss," said little Ben to the cat, "pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail?"

Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paintbrush.

This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter. Poor thing! she was forced to creep close into the chimney corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful face. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paintbrushes than that puss should be warm.

About this period friend West received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia,

who was likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds with beautiful plumage, and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the habitation of a Quaker farmer.

"Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?"

Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ocher and a piece of indigo, with brushes made of the black cat's fur.

"Verily," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy hath a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter; and Providence is wiser than we are."

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, directed to our little friend Ben.

"What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

On taking off the thick brown paper which enveloped it, behold! there was a paint box, with a

great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness.

In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again. The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

On opening the door, the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the

houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too, were the sunshine and the shadow, looking as natural as life.

"My dear child, thou hast done wonders!" cried his mother.

The good lady was in an ecstasy of delight. And well might she be proud of her boy. Many a year afterwards, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

Abridged.

THE PYGMIES

A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earth-born Giant named Antaeus, and a million or more of curious little earth-born people, who were called Pygmies. This Giant and these Pygmies being children of the same mother (that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth), were all brethren and dwelt together in a very friendly and affectionate manner, far, far off, in the middle of hot Africa.

The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between them and the rest of mankind, that nobody could get a peep at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As for the Giant, being of a very

lofty stature, it was easy enough to see him, but safest to keep out of his sight.

Among the Pygmies, I suppose, if one of them grew to the height of six or eight inches, he was reckoned a prodigiously tall man. It must have been very pretty to behold their little cities, with streets two or three feet wide, paved with the smallest pebbles, and bordered by habitations about as big as a squirrel's cage.

Now these funny Pygmies, as I told you before, had a Giant for their neighbor and brother, who was bigger, if possible, than they were little. He was so very tall that he carried a pine tree, which was eight feet through the butt, for a walking-stick. It took a far-sighted Pygmy, I can assure you, to discern his summit without the help of a telescope; and sometimes, in misty weather, they could not see his upper half, but only his long legs, which seemed to be striding about by themselves. But at noonday, in a clear atmosphere, when the sun shone brightly over him, the Giant Antaeus presented a very grand spectacle. There he used to stand, a perfect mountain of a man, with his great countenance smiling down upon his little brothers, and his one vast eye (which was as big as a cartwheel, and placed right in the center of his forehead) giving a friendly wink to the whole nation at once.

The Pygmies loved to talk with Antaeus; and fifty times a day, one or another of them would turn up his head, and shout through the hollow of his fists, "Halloo, brother Antaeus! How are you, my good fellow?" and when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear, the Giant would make answer, "Pretty well, brother Pygmy, I thank you," in a thunderous roar that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple, only that it came from so far aloft.

It was a happy circumstance that Antaeus was the Pygmy people's friend; for there was more strength in his little finger than in ten million of such bodies as theirs. If he had been as ill-natured to them as he was to everybody else, he might have beaten down their biggest city at one kick, and hardly have known that he did it. With the tornado of his breath, he could have stripped the roofs from a hundred dwellings. and sent thousands of the inhabitants whirling through the air. He might have set his immense foot upon a multitude; and when he took it up again, there would have been a pitiful sight, to be sure.

But, being the son of Mother Earth, as they likewise were, the Giant gave them his brotherly kindness, and loved them with as big a love as it was possible to feel for creatures so very small. And,

on their parts, the Pygmies loved Antaeus with as much affection as their tiny hearts could hold. He was always ready to do them any good offices that lay in his power; as, for example, when they wanted a breeze to turn their windmills, the Giant would set all the sails a-going with the mere natural respiration of his lungs. When the sun was too hot, he often sat himself down, and let his shadow fall over the kingdom, from one frontier to the other; and as for matters in general, he was wise enough to let them alone, and leave the Pygmies to manage their own affairs, — which, after all, is about the best thing that great people can do for little ones.

In short, as I said before, Antaeus loved the Pygmies, and the Pygmies loved Antaeus. The Giant's life being as long as his body was large, while the lifetime of a Pygmy was but a span, this friendly intercourse had been going on for ages. It was written about in the Pygmy histories, and talked about in their ancient traditions. The most venerable and white-bearded Pygmy had never heard of a time, even in his greatest of grandfather's days, when the Giant was not their enormous friend. Once, to be sure (as was recorded on an obelisk, three feet high, erected on the place of the catastrophe), Antaeus sat down upon about five thousand Pygmies, who were assembled at a military review.

But this was one of those unlucky accidents for which nobody is to blame; so that the small folks never took it to heart, and only requested the Giant to be careful forever afterwards to examine the acre of ground where he intended to squat himself.

It is a very pleasant picture to imagine Antaeus standing among the Pygmies, like the spire of the tallest cathedral that ever was built; and to think that, in spite of their difference in size, there were affection and sympathy between them and him! Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the Giant needed the little people more than the Pygmies needed the Giant. For, unless they had been his neighbors and well-wishers, and, as we may say, his playfellows, Antaeus would not have had a single friend in the world. No other being like himself had ever been created. No creature of his own size had ever talked with him, in thunder-like accents, face to face. When he stood with his head among the clouds, he was quite alone, and had been so for hundreds of years, and would be so forever. Even if he had met another Giant, Antaeus would have fancied the world not big enough for two such vast personages, and, instead of being friends with him, would have fought him till one of the two was killed. But with the Pygmies he was the most sportive, and humorous, and merry-hearted, and sweet-tem-

pered old Giant that ever washed his face in a wet cloud.

His little friends, like all other small people, had a great opinion of their own importance, and used to assume quite a patronizing air towards the Giant.

"Poor creature!" they said one to another. "He has a very dull time of it, all by himself, and we ought not to grudge wasting a little of our precious time to amuse him. He is not half so bright as we are, to be sure; and, for that reason, he needs us to look after his comfort and happiness. Let us be kind to the old fellow. Why, if Mother Earth had not been very kind to ourselves, we might all have been Giants too."

On all their holidays, the Pygmies had excellent sport with Antaeus. He often stretched himself out at full length on the ground, where he looked like the long ridge of a hill; and it was a good hour's walk, no doubt, for a short-legged Pygmy to journey from head to foot of the Giant. He would lay down his great hand flat on the grass, and challenge the tallest of them to clamber upon it, and straddle from finger to finger. So fearless were they, that they made nothing of creeping in among the folds of his garments. When his head lay sidewise on the earth, they would march boldly up, and peep into the great cavern of his mouth, and take it all as a

joke (as indeed it was meant) when Antaeus gave a sudden snap with his jaws, as if he were going to swallow fifty of them at once. You would have laughed to see the children dodging in and out among his hair, or swinging from his beard. It is impossible to tell half of the funny tricks that they played with their huge comrade; but I do not know that anything was more curious than when a party of boys were seen running races on his forehead, to try which of them could get first round the circle of his one great eye. It was another favorite feat with them to march along the bridge of his nose, and jump down upon his upper lip.

One day the mighty Antaeus was lolling at full length among his little friends. His pine-tree walking-stick lay on the ground close by his side. His head was in one part of the kingdom, and his feet extended across the boundaries of another part; and he was taking whatever comfort he could get, while the Pygmies scrambled over him, and peeped into his cavernous mouth, and played among his hair. Sometimes, for a minute or two, the Giant dropped asleep, and snored like the rush of a whirlwind. During one of these little bits of slumber, a Pygmy chanced to climb upon his shoulder, and took a view around the horizon, as from the summit of a hill; and he beheld something, a long way off,

which made him rub the bright specks of his eyes, and look sharper than before. At first he mistook it for a mountain, and wondered how it had grown up so suddenly out of the earth. But soon he saw the mountain move. As it came nearer and nearer, what should it turn out to be but a human shape, not so big as Antaeus, it is true, although a very enormous figure in comparison with Pygmies, and a vast deal bigger than the men whom we see nowadays.

When the Pygmy was quite satisfied that his eyes had not deceived him, he scampered, as fast as his legs would carry him, to the Giant's ear, and stooping over its cavity, shouted lustily into it, —

"Halloo, brother Antaeus! Get up this minute, and take your pine-tree walking-stick in your hand. Here comes another Giant to have a tussle with you."

"Poh, poh!" grumbled Antaeus, only half awake, "None of your nonsense, my little fellow! Don't you see I 'm sleepy? There is not a Giant on earth for whom I would take the trouble to get up."

But the Pygmy looked again, and now perceived that the stranger was coming directly towards the prostrate form of Antaeus. With every step he looked less like a blue mountain, and more like an immensely large man. He was soon so nigh, that

there could be no possible mistake about the matter. There he was, with the sun flaming on his golden helmet, and flashing from his polished breastplate; he had a sword by his side, and a lion's skin over his back, and on his right shoulder he carried a club, which looked bulkier and heavier than the pine-tree walking-stick of Antaeus.

By this time, the whole nation of Pygmies had seen the new wonder, and a million of them set up a shout, all together; so that it really made quite an audible squeak.

"Get up, Antaeus! Bestir yourself, you lazy old Giant! Here comes another Giant, as strong as you are, to fight with you."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" growled the sleepy Giant. "I 'll have my nap out, come who may."

Still the stranger drew nearer; and now the Pygmies could plainly discern that, if his stature were less lofty than the Giant's, yet his shoulders were even broader. So they kept shouting to the Giant, and even went so far as to prick him with their swords.

"Get up, get up, get up!" they cried. "Up with you, lazy bones! The strange Giant's club is bigger than your own, his shoulders are the broadest, and we think him the stronger of the two."

Antaeus could not endure to have it said that any

mortal was half so mighty as himself. This latter remark of the Pygmies pricked him deeper than their swords; and, sitting up, in rather a sulky humor, he gave a gape of several yards wide, rubbed his eye, and finally turned his stupid head in the direction whither his little friends were eagerly pointing.

No sooner did he set eye on the stranger than, leaping on his feet, and seizing his walking-stick, he strode a mile or two to meet him; all the while brandishing the sturdy pine tree, so that it whistled through the air.

"Who are you?" thundered the Giant. "And what do you want in my dominions?"

There was one strange thing about Antaeus, of which I have not yet told you, lest, hearing of so many wonders all in a lump, you might not believe much more than half of them. You are to know, then, that whenever this Giant touched the ground, either with his hand, his foot, or any other part of his body, he grew stronger than ever he had been before. The Earth, you remember, was his mother, and was very fond of him, as being almost the biggest of her children; and so she took this method of keeping him always in full vigor. Only think of it! Whenever he flung himself on the earth to take a little repose, even if he got up the very next instant,

he would be as strong as exactly ten just such giants as his former self.

Any other mortal man, except the very one whom Antaeus had now encountered, would have been half frightened to death by the Giant's ferocious aspect and terrible voice. But the stranger did not seem at all disturbed. He carelessly lifted his club, and balanced it in his hand, measuring Antaeus with his eye from head to foot, not as if wonder-smitten at his stature, but as if he had seen a great many giants before, and this was by no means the biggest of them. In fact, if the Giant had been no bigger than the Pygmies (who stood pricking up their ears, and looking and listening to what was going forward), the stranger could not have been less afraid of him.

"Who are you, I say?" roared Antaeus again. "What 's your name? Why do you come hither? Speak, you vagabond, or I 'll try the thickness of your skull with my walking-stick."

"You are a very discourteous Giant," answered the stranger, quietly, "and I shall probably have to teach you a little civility, before we part. As for my name, it is Hercules. I have come hither because this is my most convenient road to the garden of the Hesperides, whither I am going to get three of the golden apples for King Eurystheus."

"Caitiff, you shall go no farther!" bellowed Antaeus, putting on a grimmer look than before; for he had heard of the mighty Hercules, and hated him because he was said to be so strong. "Neither shall you go back whence you came!"

"How will you prevent me," asked Hercules, "from going whither I please?"

"By hitting you a rap with this pine tree here," shouted Antaeus, scowling so that he made himself the ugliest monster in Africa. "I am fifty times stronger than you; and, now that I stamp my foot upon the ground, I am five hundred times stronger! I am ashamed to kill such a puny little dwarf as you seem to be. I will make a slave of you, and you shall likewise be the slave of my brethren, here, the Pygmies. So throw down your club and your other weapons; and as for that lion's skin, I intend to have a pair of gloves made of it."

"Come and take it off my shoulders, then," answered Hercules, lifting his club.

Then the Giant, grinning with rage, strode tower-like towards the stranger (ten times strengthened at every step), and fetched a monstrous blow at him with his pine tree, which Hercules caught upon his club; and being more skillful than Antaeus, he paid him back such a rap upon the sconce that down tumbled the great lumbering man-mountain, flat

upon the ground. The poor little Pygmies (who really never dreamed that anybody in the world was half so strong as their brother Antaeus) were a good deal dismayed at this. But no sooner was the Giant down than up he bounced again, with tenfold might, and such a furious visage as was horrible to behold. He aimed another blow at Hercules, but struck awry, being blinded with wrath, and only hit his poor, innocent Mother Earth, who groaned and trembled at the stroke. His pine tree went so deep into the ground, and stuck there so fast that, before Antaeus could get it out, Hercules brought down his club across his shoulders with a mighty thwack, which made the giant roar as if all sorts of intolerable noises had come screeching and rumbling out of his immeasurable lungs in that one cry. Away it went, over mountains and valleys, and, for aught I know, was heard on the other side of the African deserts.

As for the Pygmies, their capital city was laid in ruins by the concussion and vibration of the air; and, though there was uproar enough without their help, they all set up a shriek out of three millions of little throats, fancying, no doubt, that they swelled the Giant's bellow by at least ten times as much. Meanwhile, Antaeus had scrambled upon his feet again, and pulled his pine tree out of the earth; and, all a-flame with fury, and more outrageously strong

than ever, he ran at Hercules, and brought down another blow.

"This time, rascal," shouted he, "you shall not escape me."

But once more Hercules warded off the stroke with his club, and the Giant's pine tree was shattered into a thousand splinters, most of which flew among the Pygmies and did them more mischief than I like to think about. Before Antaeus could get out of the way, Hercules let drive again, and gave him another knock-down blow, which sent him heels over head, but served only to increase his already enormous strength.

Now Hercules began to be sensible that he should never win the victory, if he kept on knocking Antaeus down; for, by and by, if he hit him such hard blows, the Giant would, by the help of his Mother Earth, become stronger than the mighty Hercules himself. So, throwing down his club, with which he had fought so many dreadful battles, the hero stood ready to receive his antagonist with naked arms.

"Step forward," cried he. "Since I've broken your pine tree, we 'll try which is the better man at a wrestling match."

"Aha! then I 'll soon satisfy you," shouted the Giant; for, if there was one thing on which he prided

himself more than another, it was his skill in wrestling. "Villain, I'll fling you where you can never pick yourself up again."

On came Antaeus, hopping and capering with the scorching heat of his rage, and getting new vigor wherewith to wreak his passion, every time he hopped. But Hercules, you must understand, was wiser than this numskull of a Giant, and had thought of a way to fight him, — huge, earth-born monster that he was, — and to conquer him too, in spite of all that his Mother Earth could do for him. Watching his opportunity, as the mad Giant made a rush at him, Hercules caught him round the middle with both hands, lifted him high into the air, and held him aloft overhead.

What a spectacle it must have been, to see this monstrous fellow sprawling in the air, face downward, kicking out his long legs and wriggling his whole vast body, like a baby when its father holds it at arm's-length towards the ceiling.

But the most wonderful thing was, that, as soon as Antaeus was fairly off the earth, he began to lose the vigor which he had gained by touching it. Hercules very soon perceived that his troublesome enemy was growing weaker, both because he struggled and kicked with less violence, and because the thunder of his big voice subsided into a grumble. The truth

was, that, unless the Giant touched Mother Earth as often as once in five minutes, not only his overgrown strength, but the very breath of his life, would depart from him. Hercules had guessed this secret; and it may be well for us all to remember it, in case we should ever have to fight a battle with a fellow like Antaeus. For these earth-born creatures are only difficult to conquer on their own ground, but may easily be managed if we can contrive to lift them into a loftier and purer region. So it proved with the poor Giant, whom I am really a little sorry for, notwithstanding his uncivil way of treating strangers who came to visit him.

When his strength and breath were quite gone, Hercules gave his huge body a toss, and flung it about a mile off, where it fell heavily, and lay with no more motion than a sand-hill. It was too late for the Giant's Mother Earth to help him now.

But, alas me! What a wailing did the poor little Pygmies set up when they saw their enormous brother treated in this terrible manner! If Hercules heard their shrieks, however, he took no notice, and perhaps fancied them only the shrill, plaintive twittering of small birds that had been frightened from their nests by the uproar of the battle between himself and Antaeus. Indeed, his thoughts had been so much taken up with the Giant, that he had never

once looked at the Pygmies, nor even knew that there was such a funny little nation in the world. And now, as he had traveled a good way, and was also rather weary with his exertions in the fight, he spread out his lion's skin on the ground and, reclining himself upon it, fell fast asleep.

As soon as the Pygmies saw Hercules preparing for a nap, they nodded their little heads at one another, and winked with their little eyes. And when his deep, regular breathing gave them notice that he was asleep, they assembled together in an immense crowd, spreading over a space of about twenty-seven feet square. One of their most eloquent orators (and a valiant warrior enough, besides, though hardly so good at any other weapon as he was with his tongue) climbed upon a toadstool, and, from that elevated position, addressed the multitude. His sentiments were pretty much as follows; or, at all events, something like this was probably the upshot of his speech: —

"Tall Pygmies and mighty little men! You and all of us have seen what a public calamity has been brought to pass, and what an insult has here been offered to the majesty of our nation. Antaeus was our brother, born of that same beloved parent to whom we owe the thews and sinews, as well as the courageous hearts, which made him proud of our

relationship. You remember how often our entire people have reposed in his great shadow, and how our little ones have played at hide-and-seek in the tangles of his hair, and how his mighty footsteps have familiarly gone to and fro among us, and never trodden upon any of our toes. And there lies this dear brother, — this sweet and amiable friend, — this brave and faithful ally, — this virtuous Giant, — this blameless and excellent Antaeus, — dead! Dead! Silent! Powerless! A mere mountain of clay! Forgive my tears! Nay, I behold your own! Were we to drown the world with them, could the world blame us?

"But to resume: Shall we, my countrymen, suffer this wicked stranger to depart unharmed? Never, while I can wield this sword, of which I now fling away the scabbard, — never, never, never, even if the crimson hand that slew the great Antaeus shall lay me prostrate, like him, on the soil which I give my life to defend."

So saying, this valiant Pygmy drew out his weapon (which was terrible to behold, being as long as the blade of a penknife), and sent the scabbard whirling over the heads of the multitude. His speech was followed by an uproar of applause, and the shouts and clapping of hands would have been greatly prolonged had they not been rendered quite

inaudible by a deep respiration, vulgarly called a snore, from the sleeping Hercules.

It was finally decided that the whole nation of Pygmies should set to work to destroy Hercules; not, be it understood, from any doubt that a single champion would be capable of putting him to the sword, but because he was a public enemy, and all were desirous of sharing in the glory of his defeat.

Accordingly, all the fighting men of the nation took their weapons, and went boldly up to Hercules, who still lay fast asleep, little dreaming of the harm which the Pygmies meant to do him. A body of twenty thousand archers marched in front, with their little bows all ready, and the arrows on the string. The same number were ordered to clamber upon Hercules, some with spades to dig his eyes out, and others with bundles of hay, and all manner of rubbish, with which they intended to plug up his mouth and nostrils, so that he might perish for lack of breath. These last, however, could by no means perform their appointed duty; inasmuch as the enemy's breath rushed out of his nose in a hurricane and whirlwind, which blew the Pygmies away as fast as they came nigh. It was found necessary, therefore, to hit upon some other method of carrying on the war.

After holding a council, the captains ordered their

troops to collect sticks, straws, and dry weeds, and make a pile of it, heaping it high around the head of Hercules. As a great many thousand Pygmies were employed in this task, they soon brought together several bushels of inflammatory matter, and raised so tall a heap, that, mounting on its summit, they were quite upon a level with the sleeper's face. The archers, meanwhile, were stationed within bow-shot, with orders to let fly at Hercules the instant that he stirred. Everything being in readiness, a torch was applied to the pile, which immediately burst into flames, and soon waxed hot enough to roast the enemy, had he but chosen to lie still. A Pygmy, you know, though so very small, might set the world on fire, just as easily as a Giant could; so that this was certainly the very best way of dealing with their foe, provided they could have kept him quiet.

But no sooner did Hercules begin to be scorched, than up he started, with his hair in a red blaze.

"What's all this?" he cried, bewildered with sleep, and staring about him as if he expected to see another Giant.

At that moment the twenty thousand archers twanged their bowstrings, and the arrows came whizzing, like so many winged mosquitoes, right into the face of Hercules. But I doubt whether more than half a dozen of them punctured the skin, which

was remarkably tough, as you know the skin of a hero has good need to be.

"Villain!" shouted all the Pygmies at once. "You have killed the Giant Antaeus, our great brother, and the ally of our nation. We declare bloody war against you and will slay you on the spot."

Surprised at the shrill piping of so many little voices, Hercules, after putting out the conflagration of his hair, gazed all round about, but could see nothing. At last, however, looking narrowly on the ground, he espied the innumerable assemblage of Pygmies at his feet. He stooped down, and taking up the nearest one between his thumb and finger, set him on the palm of his left hand, and held him at a proper distance for examination. It chanced to be the very identical Pygmy who had spoken from the top of the toadstool, and had offered himself as a champion to meet Hercules in single combat.

"What in the world, my little fellow," ejaculated Hercules, "may you be?"

"I am your enemy," answered the valiant Pygmy in his mightiest squeak. "You have slain the enormous Antaeus, our brother by the mother's side, and for ages the faithful ally of our illustrious nation. We are determined to put you to death; and for my own part, I challenge you to instant battle, on equal ground."

Hercules was so tickled with the Pygmy's big words and warlike gestures, that he burst into a great explosion of laughter, and almost dropped the poor little mite of a creature off the palm of his hand.

"Upon my word," cried he, "I thought I had seen wonders before to-day, — hydras with nine heads, stags with golden horns, six-legged men, three-headed dogs, giants with furnaces in their stomachs, and nobody knows what besides. But here, on the palm of my hand, stands a wonder that outdoes them all! Your body, my little friend, is about the size of an ordinary man's finger. Pray, how big may your soul be?"

"As big as your own!" said the Pygmy.

Hercules was touched with the little man's dauntless courage, and could not help acknowledging such a brotherhood with him as one hero feels for another.

"My good little people," said he, making a low obeisance to the grand nation, "not for all the world would I do an intentional injury to such brave fellows as you! Your hearts seem to me so exceedingly great, that, upon my honor, I marvel how your small bodies can contain them. I sue for peace, and as a condition of it, will take five strides, and be out of your kingdom at the sixth. Good-by. I shall pick

my steps carefully, for fear of treading upon some fifty of you, without knowing it. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! For once, Hercules acknowledges himself vanquished."

Some writers say that Hercules gathered up the whole race of Pygmies in his lion's skin, and carried them home to Greece, for the children of King Eurystheus to play with. But this is a mistake. He left them, one and all, within their own territory, where, for aught I can tell, their descendants are alive to the present day, building their little houses, cultivating their little fields, spanking their little children, doing their little business, whatever it may be, and reading their little histories of ancient times. In those histories, perhaps, it stands recorded that, a great many centuries ago, the valiant Pygmies avenged the death of the Giant Antaeus by scaring away the mighty Hercules.

Abridged.

SUGGESTED READINGS

Selected and arranged by Frances Jenkins Olcott, formerly Chief of the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

Saint Gerasimus and the Lion, p. 1. *Adventures with the King of Beasts.*

Gérard the Lion Hunter. (In Lang. Red Book of Animal Stories.)
Of the maiden admired by a lion; of the lion who boasted; and of a lion hunt.

Lions in the Way, and The Palace Beautiful. (In Bunyan. Pilgrim's Progress.)
An adventure of Christian the Pilgrim on the King's highway.

Lions and Their Ways. (In Lang. Animal Story Book.)
The grieving lion, and the Hottentot's danger.

The Lion and the Missionary. (Livingstone. In Tappan. Adventures and Achievements.)

The Sandpiper, p. 17. *The seashore.*

The Sandpiper's Nest. (In Thaxter. Stories and Poems for Children.)

How Margery Wondered. (Larcom. In Whittier. Child Life in Prose.)
"There came a low, rippling warble to her ear from a cedar-tree on the cliff above her."

Camping on the Beach, and Loading the Kelp. (In Trowbridge. Kelp-Gatherers.)
Of Olly Bardeen, the castaway, and his rescue by the kelp-boys.

The Magic Mask, p. 18; "Jog on, Jog on," p. 25. *With merry heart and kindly face.*

How Otto Saw the Great Emperor. (In Pyle. Otto of the Silver Hand.)
The Emperor was Rudolph of Hapsburg, the terror of the robber barons.

When the Green Woods Laugh. (In Blake. Songs of Innocence.)

Not a Care Hath Marien Lee. (Mary Howitt. In Ingpen. One Thousand Poems for Children.)

EVENING AT THE FARM, p. 22. *Farm life.*

Coming of Spring. (In Garland. Boy Life on the Prairie.)
Snaring gophers; herding cattle; corn husking; and the coming of the circus.

Letting the Animals Out to Pasture. (In Aanrud. Lisbeth Longfrock.)
How Norwegian Lisbeth was herd-girl at Hoel Farm and became head milkmaid.

Early Spring Gardening. (In Roe. Driven Back to Eden.)
How some city children became truck-farmers.

The Tiger Springs. (In Baylor. Juan and Juanita.)
Of a farm home in old Mexico, and of the raid of the Comanches.

Wet Mountain Valley, and Rob and Nelly Go into Business. (In Jackson. Nelly's Silver Mine.)
The misfortunes and successes of the March family's farming in Colorado.

Winter Fun. (Stoddard.)
Farm life in winter — a rabbit-hunt, a picnic, a donation-party, and coasting.

THE TWO TRAVELERS, p. 26. *Choosing other kings.*

The King, the Hermit, and the Two Princes. (In Dutton. The Tortoise and the Geese.)
Of the hermit who became king — and why.

THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF, p. 29. *Business boys and girls.*

Commercial Morality. (In Wallace. Letters to the Farm Boy.)
Principles of business honor.

Lazy Lawrence. (In Edgeworth. Parent's Assistant.)
How honest Jem saved his horse Lightfoot.

Eli's Education. (In Alcott. Spinning-Wheel Stories.)
How with a peddler's pack Eli paid his debts and gained an education.

Peggy's Garden. (In Thaxter. Stories and Poems for Children.)
What flowers grew therein, and how Peggy found a "fairy god-mother."

TO-DAY, p. 30. *Poems of daily deeds.*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers. (In Longfellow. Poems.)

Every day brings a ship. (Emerson. In Tappan. Poems and Rhymes.)

She doeth little kindnesses. (Lowell. In Tappan. Poems and Rhymes.)

THE ENCHANTED HORSE, p. 31. *Wonderful horses.*

Story of the Third Calendar. (In The Arabian Nights.)
The blinding of Prince Agib. Another enchanted-horse story.

The Chimæra. (In Hawthorne. Wonder-Book.)
The bridling and taming of the winged horse of the Muses.

Greyfell. (In Baldwin. Story of Siegfried.)
"They say that he came from Odin's pastures on the green hill-slopes of Asgard."

Phaethon. (In Peabody. Old Greek Folk Stories.)
Of the fate of Phaethon who drove the horses of the Sun — "Wild, immortal steeds they were, fed with ambrosia, untamed as the winds."

WHO WROTE THE ARABIAN NIGHTS? p. 44. *More Arabian Nights.*

Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. (In The Arabian Nights.)
A subterranean garden, jewel-fruits, a wish-lamp, a magician, and obedient genii.

Sindbad the Sailor's Second Voyage. (In The Arabian Nights.)
His adventure in the Valley of Diamonds.

The Fisherman and the Genie. (In The Arabian Nights.)
Of the Genie of the bottle, the talking fish, and the King of the Black Isles.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER, p. 48. *The unmerciful man.*

The Brahmin, the Tiger, and the Six Judges. (Frere. In Tappan. Folk Stories and Fables.)
A fable that shows how the good sometimes suffer for the actions of the bad.

The Greedy Shepherd. (In Browne. Granny's Wonderful Chair.)
The punishment of Clutch the greedy, and the reward of Kind the shepherd.

THE BLUE JAY, p. 52. *Pet birds.*

A Madcap Thrush. (In Miller. True Bird Stories.)
The thrush that whistled a "pure, Yankee air."

Downy came and dwelt with me. (In Burroughs. Bird Stories.)

The Pride of the Regiment. (In Kieffer. Recollections of a Drummer Boy.)
The pet of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers, — Old Abe, the war eagle.

The Gulls Teach Themselves to Fly. (In Breck. Wilderness Pets.)
Of Girofla, Giroflé, and Tim, and how they disappeared.

TO A SPARROW, p. 60. *Friend Sparrow.*

Randy: a Street Troubadour. (In Thompson-Seton. Krag and Johnny Bear.)
The adventures of a cock sparrow educated by canaries.

The Bird's Nest in the Moon. (In Whittier. Child Life in Prose.)

The lesson of the sparrow's nest.

The chipping sparrow. (In Burroughs. Bird Stories.)

The adopted robins.

Three Sparrows that Live in a House. (In Miller. True Bird Stories.)

Queer sparrows that liked to sleep in a bed, to eat at table, or to sing like a canary.

Outside my garret window there's a roof. (In Lovejoy. Poetry of the Seasons.)

Feeding the sparrows.

DEB, p. 61. *Silver linings to dark clouds.*

Jack Frost as Santa Claus. (In Miller. What Happened to Barbara.)

The Christmas that came to brave Maggie.

Ward No. 1, and Ward No. 2, and Secrets. (In Alcott. Jack and Jill.)

Of notes, a telephone, and a Christmas treat.

The Blind Boys. (In Amicis. Cuore, or Heart.)

"Ah! if you could hear the music there, if you could see them when they are playing!"

The Canyon Flowers. (In Connor. Sky Pilot.)

"Which are the canyon flowers?" asked Gwen softly, and the Pilot answered, "Gentleness, meekness, self-control; but though the others, love, joy, peace, bloom in the open, yet never with so rich a bloom and so sweet a perfume as in the canyon."

CHRISTMAS AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, p. 72. *Christmas in other lands.*

Germany. — Christmas and New Year. (In Siepen. Peeps at Great Cities — Berlin.)

A German Christmas in the city.

Christmas. (In Wade. Our Little German Cousin.)

The village Christmas of Hans, Bertha, and little Gretchen.

Holland. — The festival of St. Nicholas. (In Dodge. Hans Brinker.)

"The door slowly opened and St. Nicholas, in full array, stood before them."

Italy. — Christmas in Rome. (In Genn. Peeps at Great Cities — Rome.)

It is the Befana who brings to each child the gifts she thinks he deserves.

Russia. — Theodora's Christmas. (In Barr. Michael and Theodora.)

The Christmas feast of the little girl who saved her father from Siberia.

England.— Christmas with Queen Bess. (In Bennett. Master Skylark.)

Why Master Skylark lost his golden opportunity.

THE MAKING OF THE HAMMER, p. 73. *Wonderful artisans.*

The Giant Builder. (In Brown. In the Days of Giants.)

How the giant built Asgard, the shining city of Odin, on Ida Plain.

How Venus Secured Arms for Aeneas. (In Church. Story of the Aeneid.)

Of the armor wrought by the Cyclops in Vulcan's forge beneath the Earth.

SIEGFRIED'S SWORD, p. 82. *Famous swords.*

Weland's Sword. (In Kipling. Puck of Pook's Hill.)

The forging of the wonder sword of Hugh the Novice.

The Death of Roland. (In Church. Stories of Charlemagne.)

Of Roland's strong and shining sword, "the good Durendal."

The Sword of Justice, and the Tyrant Grantorto. (In Macleod. Stories from the Faerie Queene.)

The quest of Sir Artegall to rescue the peace maiden Irene.

TUBAL CAIN, p. 94. *The peace time.*

The word that Isaiah the son of Amoz saw. (In the Holy Bible, Isaiah, ii.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND HOME, p. 96; ON A DESERT ISLAND, p. 102. *Adventures of castaways.*

The Footstep in the Sand. (In Defoe. Robinson Crusoe.)

And how it came there.

A Castle in the Air. (In Wyss. Swiss Family Robinson.)

The day of rest in the tree-castle, and how the Swiss Family Robinson fed on stewed flamingo, and how they heard the story of the "Great King."

The Wreck and the Capture. (In Swift. Gulliver's Travels, chapter 1.)

Gulliver meets the pygmies of Lilliput, and is taken to the royal city of pygmy-land.

Alone on the Island. (In Frazar. Perseverance Island, chapter 4.)

What a nineteenth century Robinson Crusoe started housekeeping with.

Exploring the Coral Island. (In Marryat. Masterman Ready, chapters 14, 15, 16.)

Blazing the way, sea anemones, water discovered.

Winter Life and Innuit Friends. (In Packard. Young Ice Whalers.)

Of the abandoned ship and the terrible guest.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AT THE PETERKINS', p. 103. *Unpatented inventions.*

Christmas before Last. (In Stockton. Bee-Man of Orn.)

A new device for picking fruit, and a way of capturing pirates.

If ever there lived a Yankee lad. (Trowbridge. In Tappan. Poems and Rhymes.)

Darius Green and his flying-machine.

Phaeton's chariot, and a horizontal balloon-ascension. (In Johnson. Phaeton Rogers.)

Rapid transit, and a race with the "Dublin boys."

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE, p. 113. *Planting trees.*

He who plants a tree plants a hope. (Larcom. In Schauffler. Arbor Day.)

The sailing Pine; the Cedar, proud and tall. (Spenser. In Schauffler. Arbor Day.)

However little I may be. (In Brown. Star Jewels.)

Joy for the sturdy trees. (Smith. In Lovejoy. Poetry of the Seasons.)

ROBIN HOOD STORIES, pp. 115, 119, 127. *Some famous outlaws of poetry.*

Robin Hood and the Butcher. (In Tappan. Legendary Heroes.)

Another Robin Hood tale.

Grettir Becomes an Outlaw. (In French. Grettir the Strong.)

Retold from the Grettir saga of ancient Iceland.

Willie Wallace. (In Tappan. Old Ballads in Prose.)

Of the beggarman's pledge, and how he redeemed it.

THE DANDELIONS, p. 136. *Dandelion rhymes.*

Gay little Dandelion. (Bostwick. In Whittier. Child Life in Verse.)

Ho, Dandelion! my lightsome fellow! (In Dodge. Rhymes and Jingles.)

THE BUILDING OF THE NEST, p. 137; THE BEWILDERED BLUEBIRDS, p. 138. *Nesting time.*

The Tragedies of the Nests. (In Burroughs. Birds and Bees.)

"A series of adventures and of hair-breadth escapes."

Oh, look, where the lilac-bush, stout and tall. (In Thaxter. Stories and Poems for Children.)

Of the robin's nest in the snow.

Some Curious Nests. (In Keyser. News from the Birds.)
Nests of ovenbird, fairy martin, humming bird, tailor bird, and others.

The Song Sparrow. (In Burroughs. Bird Stories.)
From ground nest to tree nest.

Upper and Lower Story in the Bird World. (In Miller. True Bird Stories.)
Of English sparrows and purple martins.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN, p. 143; ORPHEUS, p. 176. *Magic music.*

Arion and the Dolphin. (Herodotus. In Tappan. Stories from the Classics.)
"As Arion fell into the sea, the water seemed to become alive beneath him, and he felt it lifting him up, and carrying him rapidly away from the ship."

The Rose of the Alhambra. (In Irving. Tales from the Alhambra, edited by Brower.)
About the magic lute of the enchanted lady of the fountain.

Orpheus and Eurydice. (Turnbull. In Storr. Half a Hundred Hero Stories.)
How Orpheus, with his magic lute, conquered Hades.

The Judgment of Midas. (In Peabody. Old Greek Folk Stories.)
How King Midas grew ass's ears.

The Boastful Shepherd. (In Kupfer. Legends of Greece and Rome.)
The punishment of Marsyas.

The Sirens. (Turnbull. In Storr. Half a Hundred Hero Stories.)
Ulysses heard the music of the sirens, whose songs no mortal could resist.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE, p. 156. *Strange voyages.*

Sindbad the Sailor's Third Voyage. (In The Arabian Nights.)
Adventures with the hairy creatures, the one-eyed giant, and the hungry serpent.

Maelduin. (In Jacobs. Book of Wonder Voyages.)
How the mighty Irish hero wandered over the fathomless ocean, and how he encountered wonders and strange islands.

The Challenge of Thor, and King Olaf's Return. (In Longfellow.)
From the Saga of King Olaf.

The Pious Constance. (In Richardson. Stories from Old English Poetry.)
Story of the faithful Roman princess who was set adrift on the sea.

The Joyous Venture. (In Kipling. Puck of Pook's Hill.)
In which are related the adventures of the crew of a viking's ship.

THE FLAG GOES BY, p. 176. *For the flag.*

Chattanooga. (In Thomas. Captain Phil.)

A pathetic flag incident, and the planting of the colors on Lookout Mountain.

The Star-Spangled Banner. (In Tappan. American Hero Stories.)

The writing of the song.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Being a Boy — other chapters.

A-hunting of the Deer. (In In the Wilderness.)

A story of deer heroism.

How I Killed a Bear. (In In the Wilderness.)

"I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is that we were both out blackberrying, and met by chance."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Cousin Rufus' Story. (In A Child-World.)

Of a runaway boy.

Dream-March. (In Book of Joyous Children.)

"Where go the children? Travelling! Travelling!"

Little Jack Janitor. (In A Child-World.)

And his magic box.

The old hay-mow 's the place to play. (In Rhymes of Childhood.)

"Fer boys, when it's a rainy day!"

They all climbed up on a high board-fence. (In Rhymes of Childhood.)

Adventures with nine little goblins — after eating "a supper of cold mince-pies."

When two little boys — renowned for noise. (In Book of Joyous Children.)

The war-cry of Billy and Buddy, Hik-tee-dik!

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The Indian Bible. (In Grandfather's Chair.)

The great work of the "apostle of the Indians."

Circe's Palace. (In Tanglewood Tales.)

The spell of the magic flower.

The Golden Touch. (In A Wonder-Book.)

What happened to the little Princess Marygold.

The Snow-Image. (In Little Daffydowndilly.)

And how it came alive.

STUDY HELPS

Saint Gerasimus and the Lion, p. 1. On a map of Asia find the River Jordan. What do you know about this region and its people? If you can, bring to class some pictures of it. Why are water jars carried so much there? How could a monastery be of use in a land like this? Why is it called the Holy Land? In the north of the country find the city of Dan; in the South, Be-er-she'ba. This is a long journey by horse or camel; and since the days of the prophets, the phrase "from Dan to Beersheba" has meant "all across country," or "far and wide." Did Leo do anything to deserve his punishment? What was it? Why, do you think, has Gerasimus been called *Saint?* Have you a story that you can tell the class about the friendship between a person and an animal?

The Sandpiper, p. 17. The writer of this poem was the daughter of a lighthouse keeper on a little island off the New Hampshire coast. In her poem how does she suggest that this is her home? What is driftwood — what do you think it comes from? Read the different lines that suggest the coming storm. Those that describe the bird. Does the writer give you an idea of herself, too? What do you know about her? Suppose that you were on the beach watching Celia Thaxter; describe the scene as you would remember it to tell to some one. What was the one beautiful thought that she wrote this poem to express?

The Magic Mask, p. 18. When you first meet a person, what is it that tells you whether you will probably like him or not? Does your own face ever look less cheerful or brave or pleasant than you would like to have people think you are? How does it make you feel to wear such a "mask"? We are told that this prince was "wise and brave"; how did he show that he was, while wearing the mask? Do you admire him for anything else? What had made the change in his own face? Suppose the magician had been talking to any boy or girl, instead of to a king; what would he have advised then?

Evening at the Farm, p. 22. In the country, on a summer evening, how does the look of things change between late afternoon and dark? As you read this poem, note how the gradual falling of night is shown — the lengthening shadows, the dews, and so on. Why is evening a pleasant time? In these verses don't you feel the rest that comes

at the end of a good day's work? Even the crow is homeward flying. What is the work of each one here? Which is the liveliest stanza? Which the sleepiest? What words in them especially make them so? Read this aloud just as if you were living it, even to making the last stanza as drowsy as you can.

Jog on, Jog on, p. 25. What would you be doing if you were to *merrily hent the stile-a?* (The *-a* is often added to words in old songs, just to give a jaunty swing to the line.) How does this song remind you of the people at the farm, and of the prince who wore the mask? What do you know about William Shakespeare? This is sung in his play "The Winter's Tale."

The Two Travelers, p. 26. Bidpai, the wise man of ancient India who told this tale, evidently meant his hearers to admire Ganem more than Salem. Why? Do you find any reason for praising Salem? If we call Salem "prudent," what must we call Ganem? If we call him "timid," then what do we call Ganem? Which are more needed in the world, men like Ganem or men like Salem? Try writing a different story to illustrate the old saying, "Nothing venture, nothing have."

The Boy who Recommended Himself, p. 29. Suppose you dramatize this little scene, making up the questions of the business man and the boy's answers, and putting in all the action mentioned in the story. Tell a like story for a girl seeking a position.

To-Day, p. 30. The author of this poem, a famous Scotchman, wrote a great deal of prose, but only this one poem. It would seem that he believed the useful employment of each passing day to be the most important thought he had for the world, and that therefore he chose this form — verse rather than prose — to fix it in our memories. Would n't it be a good poem to say over every morning, when we get up? Why is it more important for us to think about what we are to do to-day than about what we did yesterday or may do to-morrow?

The Enchanted Horse, p. 31. Where are the countries in which this story takes place? What is the country of the Hindus? The beautiful Vale, or Valley, of Cashmere is famous in stories and songs of the East. What have you learned about it? *Sultan* is the Arabic word for ruler. What modern ruler is called Sultan? In old times a pilgrim would wear a special dress and carry no weapon, and those seeing him would know him for a pilgrim and respect him because of his holy errand. Why was this a good disguise for the Prince to choose? What is our *enchanted horse* to-day? Would people thousands of years ago have believed ours enchanted? Why?

WHO WROTE THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, p. 44. When you read a story, do you look to see who wrote it, and wonder who he is, and how he happened to write it? Most of our stories of fairies and magic are so old that no one knows when they were first told; for story-telling began long before people began to write and read. What is said here about the ladies of France only two hundred years ago? There were no public schools then. *Aladdin* was another of the princess's stories (see your Readings, p. 259). In your magazines do you find stories that keep stopping, as the princess's did? How do you feel when you come to the "*Continued*"? What do we call such a story? How were the women of the East treated? What is meant by the last sentence in this story?

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER, p. 48. Where are deer found in this country now? How are they protected by law? As it is fifty years or more since this poem was written, of what time is the story? Who were the neighbors of the dame and her son? Do you think of any other story of the red man's respect for some animal? When are whip-poorwills heard? What is their call? What word do we use as the opposite of *waxing*? In what other words could you mean *ere that crescent moon was old*? What change came over this peaceful scene as time went on? Does the picture illustrate the poem well? How?

THE BLUE JAY, p. 52. What wild birds live near your home? Which stay all the year round? Why did Mrs. Miller wish to have a *birdroom*? Could she find the same kinds of birds in stores now? Why not? Have you heard of the Audubon Society that has done so much to protect birds? See what you can find out about its work and its name. Why would it be cruel to set free a bird, like a canary, that has been caged a long time? Can you find a picture of a blue jay? When have you ever noticed a bird show intelligence like a person's?

TO A SPARROW, p. 60. Do you know how the sparrow came to America? Why is the bird so much disliked here? What "character" does the poet give it? In the first stanza, seventh line, *coming out* — from what? Show with your hands what the poet is doing as he speaks the next few lines. To what thought has the poet been leading us?

DEB, p. 61. Look out of the window some day and imagine how it would be if you had never seen anything but that one bit of outdoors and your own room. What would you be *wondering* about? You can find Androscoggin on the map of Maine; what is it? Here it is the name of the mill that had the biggest bell. What city do you think this is? The *nets* were worn over the girls' hair, as was the fashion then.

There is a saying that one half of the world does n't know how the other half lives. How does this story show that?

Christmas at the Cape of Good Hope, p. 72. In what hemisphere is this cape? In what latitude? What season is it there? Is the poet speaking or writing? To whom? In about what latitude is his correspondent? How do you know? What is meant by the *tiny flakes of snow* at the Cape? What two oceans meet there? In England the boys who sing carols about the streets at Christmas are called *Waits*. England owns the Cape, and many Englishmen go down there. Might not this be a letter home? Is n't it a happy thought that Christmas is being kept at the same time everywhere?

The Making of the Hammer, p. 73. This is one of the old myths told for centuries in the Northland, before the days of the Vikings. When it thundered, our ancestors said that Thor was throwing his hammer at the Frost Giants; that was a sign of spring. Why was the underground a fitting workshop for the dwarfs? Who, do you suppose, sent the gadfly? What days of the week are named after Odin (or Woden), Thor, and Frey?

Siegfried's Sword, p. 82. This is another of the old tales from the shores of the Baltic and the North Seas. With a map before you, find this region of the Rhine, and the other places mentioned. Burgundy is in France. This story shows us what was once considered a princely education. What was fine about it? What were the qualities in a man that were honored in those days? What do you find heroic in Siegfried? How does the testing of the sword interest you? What was it that really defeated Amilias? This is a splendid story; do read the whole book.

Tubal Cain, p. 94. Genesis iv, 22, tells us that Tubal Cain was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." He lived, therefore, in the earliest days of civilization. What line in the poem tells you this? Does the first stanza remind you of any other poem of a blacksmith that you have read? For what only did all come to think that the sword should be used? Is this what really happened — was the sword laid by? Why are the lands called *willing?* What is being done nowadays to discourage the use of the sword? How else could disputes be settled?

Robinson Crusoe's Island Home, p. 96. If you have read the opening of this delightful book, you know that Crusoe was wrecked on a tropical island out in the South Atlantic Ocean, and that he had managed to bring on a raft from the ship a great number of small

things. When did this happen? Could he have kept track of time in any other way? What things that he had saved do you think he valued most? What does *want* mean as he uses it (p. 98)? What lesson may we learn from Crusoe's mood when he gives up *looking out to sea?*

On a Desert Island, p. 102. (These lines are from Tennyson's "Enoch Arden.") Is this also a tropical island? How else could be said, *The league-long roller thundering on the reef?* Is the *bellowing* of the ocean more hollow-sounding at night? What was this man doing from day to day? Is his mood different from Crusoe's? What lines here tell how the days had all grown alike to him? Which lines most suggest his hopelessness?

Modern Improvements at the Peterkins', p. 103. Do you know of anything that has been patented? See if you can find the patent mark on some of the school furniture, or your pens or pencils. What does it say? The Patent Office for registering patents is in Washington. Why does the inventor want to secure a patent? Did Columbus invent anything? What did he do? What is the difference between an invention and a discovery? *Agamemnon* was the eldest son. The *Lady from Philadelphia* was always being consulted by the Peterkins, and "setting them right." Sometimes people take more trouble to be stupid than to think clearly.

The Planting of the Apple Tree, p. 113. What day is devoted to the planting of trees? Why do we do this? Have you helped plant a tree? How was it done? What does Government do to prevent trees from being cut down or otherwise destroyed? What are all the comforts that this apple tree is going to give? When we plant trees, we plant for a long time and many people. How does the poet speak of that? Ask your teacher to tell you the story of "Appleseed Johnnie."

Robin Hood Stories, pp. 115–136. (1) If you will look at a map of England, you will find, in the north-central part, the town of Nottingham and, nearby, Sherwood Forest. What is an *outlaw?* How does law protect you? If the law in Robin Hood's day had been a better protector and more just, would he have defied it? What was he trying to do, and what class of travelers did he rob? Would there be any excuse for doing such a thing nowadays? Why not? (2) Why is Robin Hood a hero in this story of the lady's three sons. What did he mean by *I never stay out of doors when it rains?* (3) From Nottingham to London is a long trip a-foot. What do you think of Robin Hood in this story? Of the Queen? Of the King? This story is told also of Queen

Katherine who lived much later. The signet ring was long used in place of an autograph, as even royalty did not learn to write.

The Dandelions, p. 136. Picture to yourselves a slope covered with yellow dandelions; and then the same slope with dandelions gone to seed. How do they look then? A *trooper* is a mounted soldier. What is a *veteran?* The troopers are young, wear bright-colored uniforms, are busy on military duty; how do the veterans look and act? If the troopers had been real, would they have cheered? Why not?

The Building of the Nest, p. 137. Have you watched such a building? What did you see? What is meant by *nothing too far away for him?* What do we usually mean by a *castle in the air?* How would you explain the third stanza? At what time of the year is this poem spoken?

The Bewildered Bluebirds, p. 138. You have been in the wood and watched the woodpeckers? Why do they drill holes in trees? Who was in this woodland watching? Mr. Burroughs knows the woods like an Indian, yet what mistake did he make about bluebirds? Does he not seem to have understood the thoughts and feelings of these birds?

The Pied Piper of Hamelin, p. 143. We need the map of Germany again. Where are the places, and what is each? How long ago did this happen? What was Hamelin like in those days? What was the trouble in the town when the story opens? Where do you think the *Piper* came from? Why was he called *Pied* (5th stanza)? What was the Piper's reason for luring the children away? How did he lure the rats? How do we know? And how the children? and how do we know that? A great many of us find that we have to "pay the piper," after all. What does it mean? Dramatize this story, and be ready to act it out in class.

The Adventure of the Golden Fleece, p. 156. The Minuan land, over which Pelias ruled, was in the eastern part of Greece, and the ship Argo sailed eastward through the Hellespont and on into the Black Sea, to the shore of Colchis. Trace out this course. Pelion is a mountain peak near the port from which the Argo sailed, and Caucasus is a mountain range in the direction of their voyage. Have you ever read of a musician who had magic skill, like Orpheus? Do you know any stories about Heracles? What three trials were put upon Jason? Who aided him? Was it then due to himself that he succeeded? Why? You have heard the saying, "The gods help those that help themselves"?

Orpheus, p. 176. How had Orpheus been able to serve Jason in winning the Golden Fleece? What were the wonderful things that Orpheus could do with his lute or harp? What effect had his music upon the hearts of men?

The Flag Goes By, p. 196. What is the flag more than a piece of painted cloth? What are we told here that it stands for? Name a great land fight in its defense. Name any ship that sank while defending the flag. What things worth dying for live or perish with the flag? How else can we show reverence for its great meaning?

Being a Boy, p. 183. What have you done that this Boy used to do? Who was he, and where was the farm? How would you know that the farm was in New England, and not in the South or West? Does Mr. Warner tell you about sugar-making, or about the Boy's idea of sugar-making? What is the difference? *Qui vive* is a French phrase, meaning "on the alert." How was this Boy on the alert? When he grew up, what sort of man was he? What things did he do?

Poems, pp. 202–213. (1) Would you have had a better idea of the storm if most of the poem had described rain and clouds? What makes you feel the hurry? — Perhaps the many short quick sentences, and words full of sound and action. If you think so, pick out the different ones that do. Why are the *baby* and the *rooster* both in the last stanza? (2) Have you an Aunt Mary or some one like her? How long have these boys remembered their visits? How does it happen that one is recalling them now? Is he speaking or writing to the other? When did they make their visits? What were the *hammering red-heads?* Why was it *good for a boy to be* out at old Aunt Mary's? (3) Does n't the verse of the "Circus Day Parade" really march? What was it that *captured* the *boys behind? Tame to the plaudits* means "used to the applause." Describe the best circus parade you ever saw. (4) What is the question asked the flag? How is it answered? The *blended ranks of the gray and the blue* — what does that mean? Who are meant by our *sanctified betters?* When has our flag been battle-scarred? How does this poem show love for the flag?

In what part of America does Mr. Riley live? What other poems of his do you know? Choose one of Mr. Riley's poems and write out the story as if it were a chapter in "Being a Boy."

The Pine-Tree Shillings, p. 221. Why don't we barter goods as we want them, instead of paying with money? What does money represent? An English shilling is worth almost as much as our quarter dollar, for an English penny is about two cents. How much is a six-

pence? a threepence? Massachusetts's first trade had been with the Spanish West Indies and the Portugal colonies, so their coin had been used as much as English. Why was the pine tree a good design for the new shilling? What was the year it was first coined? Can you tell what fraction of the public money the mint-master received? Was he honest in the bargain? Samuel Sewall was afterward one of the judges who condemned witches. What does the story tell us of Puritan fashions and ways? Is n't Hawthorne "poking fun" just a little at the gruff old Captain? Why was Hawthorne so interested in these old times?

Benjamin West, p. 226. When you draw or paint, do you copy pictures or draw from real objects and models? Which is it better to do? Why? In Benjamin West's boyhood (when was that?) people copied a great deal; what had Benjamin done (see p. 233)? Was it fortunate or not that he had had no pictures to copy? Why were his family at first afraid to have him draw and paint? Who was William Penn? The artists who make up the Royal Academy in London decide what paintings are good enough to exhibit. There is more to this story about Benjamin West and his paintings.

The Pygmies, p. 234. To what country did the hero Heracles belong? Hercules is the Roman name for the same hero. In the story of the Golden Fleece what was said about his size? What was the difference between Hercules and Antaeus? How do we gain strength from Mother Earth? What does Hawthorne mean by *earth-born creatures* that we can conquer as Hercules did Antaeus? What did the Pygmies think of themselves? Which of these stories of Hawthorne's do you think is the most humorous? What other stories of his are you going to read?

A LITTLE DICTIONARY

Below are given the words in this book that you may find difficult to pronounce or define. In looking for the meaning of a word, choose, from among the definitions given, the meaning that best fits into the sentence you are reading, where the word occurs. By using this little dictionary, you will learn how to use the big dictionary.

ab′ bot (ăb′ ŭt), the head of a monastery.
a bol′ ish (*a* bŏl′ ĭsh), to do away with.
a dept′ (*a* dĕpt′), one skilled.
adze (ădz), a cutting tool.
af fec ta′ tion (ăf ĕk tā′ shŭn), false show.
af flict′ ing (*a* flĭkt′ ĭng), distressing.
a fore′ time (*a* fōr′ tīm), in time past.
Ag a mem′ non (ăg *a* mĕm′ nŏn).
A lad′ din (*a* lăd′ ĭn).
A′ li Ba′ ba (ä′ lē bä′ bä).
al′ ien (āl′ yĕn), strange, foreign.
a mass′ (*a* măs′), to heap up.
A mi′ li as (ă mē′ lĭ *as*).
An dros cog′ gin (ăn drŏs kŏg′ ĭn).
An tae′ us (ăn tē′ ŭs).
an tag′ o nist (ăn tăg′ ō nĭst), one who contends with another.
ap pease′ (*a* pēz′), to calm.
ap′ pli cant (ăp′ lĭ kănt), one who applies or makes a request.
Ar′ a bic (ăr′ *a* bĭk), the language of the Arabs.
art′ ful ly (ärt′ fo͝ol ĭ), skillfully.
ar ti fi′ cial (är tĭ fĭsh′ ăl), made by man.
as cer tain′ (ăs ĕr tān′), to find out.
as cribe′ (*as* krīb′), to refer, as to a cause.
As′ gard (ăs′ gärd).
as sault′ (*a* sôlt′), to attack.
au′ di ble (ô′ dĭ b′l), that can be heard.
au′ ger (ô′ gĕr), a tool for boring holes.
aught (ôt), anything.
a venge′ (*a* vĕnj′), to get satisfaction by punishing the wrongdoer.
a vid′ i ty (*a* vĭd′ ĭ tĭ), eagerness.
a wry′ (*a* rī′), crooked.

baf′ fled (băf′ l′d), checked by perplexities.
Bag′ dad (băg′ dăd).
Bal′ mung (bäl′ mo͝ong).
bas′ tion (băs′ chŭn), a projecting part of a fortification.
bate (bāt), to lessen by taking away.
bat′ tened (băt′ 'nd), fastened down with strips of wood nailed across.
bat′ tle ment (băt′ 'l mĕnt), a wall for protection, at the top of a building.
beak′ head (bēk′ hĕd) a platform at the fore part of the upper deck of a ship.
Be er she′ ba (bē ĕr shē′ *bä*).
be guil′ ing (bē gīl′ ĭng), charming.
Ben gal′ (bĕn gôl′).
be reft′ (bē rĕft′), deprived of.
be sought′ (bē sôt′), begged.
Bil′ skir ner (bĭl′ skēr nĕr).
blared (blârd), sounded loudly.
bluff (blŭf) hearty.
boon (bo͞on), a favor.
bout (bout), a contest.
bran′ dish ing (brăn′ dĭsh ĭng), shaking.
Brok (brŏk).
brook (brŏo͝k), to endure.
broom (bro͞om), a yellow-flowered plant.
buc can eer′ (bŭk *a* nēr′), a pirate or adventurer on the sea.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION. āte, senāte, câre, ăm, ärm, ask, final; ēve, ẽvent, ĕnd, fẽrn, recẽnt; īce; ōld, ōbey, ôrb, ŏdd; ūse, ūnite, ŭp, circŭs, bûrn, nature, menü; fo͝od, fo͝ot; **out; oil; chair; go; sing, iŋk; then, thin; zh = z in azure.**

bul' lion (bo͝ol' yŭn), uncoined gold or silver.
burgh' er (bûr' gĕr) a citizen.
Bur' gun dy (bûr' gŭn dĭ).
but' tress (bŭt' rĕs), a projecting part of a wall or building.

cai' tiff (kā' tĭf), wretch.
cal' dron (kôl' drŭn), a large kettle.
ca' liph (kā' lĭf), the ruler of a Mohammedan country.
Cam pa' gna (kăm pän' yä), the large plain surrounding Rome.
car' nage (kär' nāj), great slaughter.
Cash' mere (kăsh' mēr).
cat' a pult (kăt'ȧ pŭlt), an engine once used to throw stones or arrows.
ca tas' tro phe (kȧ tăs' trō fē), a great disaster.
ca taw' ba (kȧ tô' bȧ), a kind of grape.
cav' ern ous (kăv' ẽr nŭs), hollow.
cav' i ties (kăv' ĭ tĭz), hollows.
chain mail (chān māl), armor made of metal rings.
Cham (kăm), the ruler of Tartary.
clar' i fy (klăr' ĭ fī), to make clear.
Clu ny' (klü nē'), a kind of lace originally made at Cluny, France.
co' co (kō' kō), coconut.
coin' age (koin' âj), coined money.
com' men ta ry (kŏm' ĕn tȧ rĭ), a brief account.
com mod' i ties (kŏ mŏd' ĭ tĭz), goods.
con cus' sion (kŏn kŭsh' ŭn), a shock.
con' fi dent ly (kŏn' fĭ dĕnt lĭ), boldly.
con found' (kŏn found'), to overwhelm, to put to confusion.
con gealed' (kŏn jēld'), froze.
con joined' (kŏn joind'), joined together.
con serve' (kŏn sûrv'), preserve.
con ster na' tion (kŏn stĕr nā' shŭn), dismay.
con' sul (kŏn' sŭl), an officer appointed by his government to live in a foreign port to look after his country's commerce and protect its seamen there.
con tend' (kŏn tĕnd'), to fight.
con triv' ance (kŏn trīv' ăns), scheme.
cord' age (kôr' dāj), ropes.
cor' o net (kôr' ō nĕt), a small crown.
cor po ra' tion (kôr pō rā' shŭn), a governing body.
coun' te nance (koun' tẽ năns), face.
crows (krōz), crow bars.
cur' rent (kŭr' ĕnt), in present use.
cus' tom (kŭs' tŭm), tribute or revenue due the government, on salable goods.
Cy clo pe' an (sī klō pē' ăn), huge.

Da bit' tra (dȧ bĭt' rȧ).
da'is (dā' ĭs), a raised platform.
daunt' less (dänt' lĕs), fearless, bold.
de cree' (dẽ krē'), a law.
deft (dĕft), clever.
dem on stra' tion (dĕm ŏn strā' shŭn), expression, exhibition.
de mure' ly (dẽ mūr' lĭ), gravely.
dex' ter ous ly (dĕks' tẽr ŭs lĭ), skillfully.
di' a dem (dī' ȧ dĕm), a crown.
dis cern' (dĭ zûrn'), to distinguish, to see plainly.
dis com pos' ure (dĭs kom pō' zhûr), discomfort.
dolt (dōlt), a dunce.
do min' ions (dō mĭn yŭnz), the lands of a king or prince.
dow' ry (dou' rĭ), the property a woman brings her husband at marriage.
dub (dŭb), to rub, dress.

ec' sta sy (ĕk' stȧ sĭ), great joy.
ee' rie (ē' rĭ), weird, uncanny.
e jac' u late (ẽ jăk' ū lāt), to exclaim.
ell (ĕl), forty-five inches.
em bar' rassed (ĕm băr' ăst), perplexed.
em' i nent (ĕm' i nĕnt), famous.
en cy clo pæ' di a (ĕn sī klō pē' dĭ ȧ), a

book of facts, usually arranged in alphabetical order.
en rap′ tured (ĕn răp′ tŭrd) charmed.
E ter′ ni ty (ē tûr′ nĭ tĭ), endless time.
E trus′ can (ē trŭs′ kăn), of Etruria, a part of ancient Italy.
Eu rys′ theus (ū rĭs′ thūs).
ex′ e cute (ĕk′sē kūt), to carry out, to put to death by law.
ex′ qui site (ĕks′ kwĭ zĭt), matchless.

fain (fān), gladly.
fal′ low (făl′ ō), yellowish (applied to the small yellowish, white-spotted deer of England).
far′ thing (făr′ thĭng), an English coin worth a half-cent.
fas′ ci nat ing (făs′ ĭ nāt ĭng), enchanting.
fath′ om (făth ŭm), six feet.
fa tigued′ (fȧ tēgd′), weary.
Faun (fôn), in myth, a youth of the woods and fields, partly animal, with pointed ears or tail.
fawn (fôn), a young deer.
fee (fē), a wage or tax.
feu′ dal (fū′ dȧl), belonging to times when the king controlled all the land.
for bear′ ance (fôr bâr′ ăns), patience.
Fo′ rum (fō′ rŭm), the public square in Rome.
Frey (frā), the Norse god of fruitfulness and peace.
fron′ tier (frŏn′ tēr), a borderland.
fur′ long (fûr′ lŏng), an eighth of a mile.

gal′ ley (găl′ ĭ), a ship.
gar′ ri son (găr′ ĭ s'n), a fortified place in which troops are quartered.
gaug′ er (gāj′ ẽr), one who measures, especially the contents of casks.
Ge ras′ i mus (jẽ răz′ ĭ mŭs).
gla′ cis (glā′ sĭs), a gentle slope.
glade (glād), a grassy space in a forest.
gourd (gōord), a hard-shelled fruit.
gripe (grīp), a grip.
grov′ el (grŏv′ 'l), to crawl.
guil′ der (gĭl′ dẽr), a Dutch coin.
Gung′ ner (gŭng′ nẽr).
Gun′ ther (gōon′ tẽr).

hab i ta′ tion (hăb ĭ tā′ shŭn), dwelling.
Ha′ gen (hä′ gĕn).
hag′ gard (hăg′ ȧrd), tired looking.
Ham′ e lin (hä′ mȧ lĭn), the town in Germany called Hameln (hä′ mĕln).
hart (härt), a male deer.
haunt (hänt), feeding ground.
haunt, to visit often.
heif′ er (hĕf′ ẽr), a young cow.
Hel′ lens (hĕl′ 'nz), the Greeks.
hent (hĕnt), to take hold of, in order to climb over.
Her′ cu les (hûr′ kŭ lēz).
Hes per′ i des (hĕs pẽr′ ĭ dēz).
Hin′ du (hĭn′ dōō), one of the native races of Hindustan.
hoo′ doo (hōō′ dōō), to bring bad luck.
Hoo′ siers (hōō′ zhẽrz).
hos′ tel ry (hŏs′ tĕl rĭ), an inn.
hus′ band (hŭz′ bănd), to use sparingly.
hy′ dra (hī′ drȧ), a fabulous monster.
hys ter′ ics (hĭs tĕr′ iks), a nervous disorder.

il lus′ tri ous (ĭ lŭs′ trĭ ŭs), famous.
im part′ (ĭm pärt′), give.
in flam′ ma to ry (ĭn flăm′ ȧ tō rĭ), capable of burning.
in gen′ ious (ĭn jēn′ yŭs), clever.
in scrip′ tion (ĭn skrĭp′ shŭn), words written or engraved on a monument.
in tol′ er a ble (ĭn tŏl′ ẽr ȧ b'l), unbearable.
I′ vald (ē′ väld).

jus′ tling (jŭs′ lĭng), jostling.

ka′ ty did (kā′ tĭ dĭd), a tree insect.
keel (kēl), a timber extending from stem to stern along a ship's bottom.
kine (kīn), cows.

kir′ tle (kûr′ t'l), coat.
Kop′ pel berg (kŏp′ 'l bĕrĸ).

lan′ guor (lăn′ gĕr), sluggishness.
league (lēg), about three miles.
lei′ sure ly (lē′ zhûr lĭ), without hurry.
lib′ er ate (lĭb′ ĕr āt), to set free.
list′ less (lĭst′ lĕs), heedless.
loath (lōth), unwilling.
loathe (lōŧh), to dislike greatly.
Lo′ ke (lō′ kē).
loon (lōon), a swimming and diving bird.
lore (lōr), wisdom, knowledge.

mag a zine′ (măg ȧ zēn′), a store house.
mal′ e fac tor (măl′ ē făk tĕr), an evil-doer.
manse (mănz), a mansion, dwelling.
man′ u script (măn′ ū skrĭpt), a composition written by hand.
mas′ sa cred (măs′ ȧ kĕrd), slain.
mas′ ti cat ing (măs′ tĭ kāt ĭng), chewing.
ma ter′ nal (mȧ tûr′ năl), motherly.
maul (môl), to bruise, handle roughly.
may hap′ (mā hăp′), perhaps.
mead (mēd), a meadow.
mel′ an chol y (mĕl′ ăn kŏl ĭ), sad.
milch (mĭlch), giving milk.
Mi′ mer (mē′ mĕr).
mint (mĭnt), a place where money is coined.
mis′ sile (mĭs′ ĭl), an object thrown.
mit′ i gate (mĭt′ ĭ gāt), to make less severe, to soften.
Mjöl′ ner (myōl′ nĕr).
Mo′ hawk (mō′ hôk).
mold (mōld), fine, soft earth.
mold, to form
mul′ ti tude (mŭl′ tĭ tūd), a great many, a crowd.
mys′ tic (mĭs′ tĭk), mysterious.

nar ra′ tion (nă rā′ shŭn), a recital, a story.
neap (nēp), the pole of a vehicle drawn by two animals.
newt (nūt), a small water animal resembling a lizard.
Ni zam′ (nē zäm′), the title of one of the Hindu sovereigns.
nod′ dy (nŏd′ ĭ), a simpleton.
Not′ ting ham (nŏt′ ĭng ăm).
num′ skull (nŭm′ skŭl), a dunce.

o bei′ sance (ō bā′ sȧns), a bow.
ob′ e lisk (ŏb′ ē lĭsk), a pillar, shaft.
o bese′ (ō bēs′), stout.
o′ chre (ō′ kĕr), a yellow earth used in making paint.
O′ din (ō′ dĭn).
old- fan′ gled (făn′ g'ld), old-fashioned.
out ri′ valed (out rī′ vȧld), outdone.

pae′ an (pē′ ăn), a song of praise.
pale (pāl), an enclosure, a fence.
pate (pāt), head.
pat′ ent (păt′ ĕnt), a writing issued by the government to an inventor to give him the sole right, for a term of years, to make or sell his invention.
pat′ ron iz ing (păt′ rŭn īz ĭng), superior, condescending.
Pe′ quots (pē′ kwŏtz).
per pet′ u al ly (pĕr pĕt′ ū ȧl lĭ), unceasingly.
Per′ sia (pûr′ shȧ).
per′ son a ble (pûr′ sŭn ȧ b'l), good-looking.
per spec′ tive (pĕr spĕk′ tĭv), a telescope. (An old-fashioned meaning.)
phan′ tom (făn′ tŭm), a ghost.
pheas′ ant (fĕz′ ȧnt), a game bird.
pic tur esque′ (pĭk tûr ĕsk′), making a pleasing picture.
pied (pīd), having spots and patches of different colors.
pil′ grim (pĭl′ grĭm), a wanderer, one who travels to visit some holy place.
plane′ tree (plān), a tree with broad leaves and spreading branches.

plau' dits (plô' dĭts), applause.
plow' share (plou' shâr), the part of the plow that furrows the earth.
poke (pōk), a bag or pocket.
pon' der ous (pŏn' dĕr ŭs), heavy.
por' poise (pôr' pŭs), a large fish.
port' ly (pōrt' lĭ), stout.
port man' teau (pȯrt măn' tō), a traveling bag.
Por' tu guese (pōr' tū gēz), the language of Portugal.
pot' tage (pŏt' ăj), a thick soup.
pre dic' a ment (prĕ dĭk' ȧ mĕnt), an unfortunate state of affairs.
prime (prīm), the best part.
pri' or ess (pri' ẽr ĕs), a nun in charge of a priory, or house of nuns.
pro dig' ious (prŏ dĭj' ŭs), immense.
pro found' (prō found'), deep.
pro hi bi' tion (prō hĭ bĭsh' ŭn), a declaration forbidding some action.
proph' e sied (prŏf' ẽ sīd), foretold.
pros per' i ty (prŏs pĕr' ĭ tĭ), well-being.
pros' trate (prŏs' trāt), lying flat.
punch' eon (pŭn' chŭn), a large cask.
pyg' my (pĭg' mĭ), a dwarf.

quaint (kwānt), pleasingly old-fashioned.
quar'ter-staff (kwôt' tẽr stȧf), a long stout stick.
quin' tal (kwĭn' tăl), a hundred pounds.

rack (răk), a frame made in olden times for torturing persons.
rap' tur ous (răp' tūr ŭs), delighted.
ra' tion al (răsh' ŭn ȧl), reasonable.
rav' en ous (răv' 'n ŭs), very hungry.
res pi ra' tion (rĕs pĭ rā' shŭn), breathing.
re stric' tions (rẽ strĭk' shŭnz), limitations.
re sume' (rẽ zūm'), to begin again.
ret' i nue (rĕt' ĭ nū), a body of attendants.
re ver' ber ate (rẽ vûr' bẽr āt), to echo.
Rhen' ish (rĕn' ĭsh), of the river Rhine.
ro mance' (rō măns'), a story of unusual experiences.
rue' ful ly (rōo' fo͝ol ĭ), sorrowfully.
ruf' fle (rŭf' 'l), a long low drum-beat.
runes (rōonz), the alphabet used by the early Germans.

sa' ble (sā' b'l), black.
sanc' ti fied (săngk' tĭ fīd), made sacred.
San' ten (săn' tĕn).
Schah ri' ar (shä rē' är).
Sche he ra za' de (shĕ hā rȧ zä' dĕ).
sconce (skŏns), head.
scor' pi on (skôr' pĭ ŭn), a poisonous spider.
scru' ti nize (skrōō' tĭ nīz), to regard closely.
sear (sēr), withered.
shards (shärdz), fragments of earthenware or metal.
Sher' wood (shûr' wo͝od).
shil' lings (shĭl' ĭngz), silver coins of Great Britain, worth each 12 pence (24⅓ cents U. S.).
ship' wrights (shĭp' rīts), those who build or repair ships.
shoal (shōl), a shallow.
shrive (shrīv), to receive confessions, as a priest.
shrouds (shroudz), garments, especially for the dead.
Sieg' fried (sēg' frēd).
Sieg' mund (sēg' mŭnd).
Sif (sēf).
Sig' e lind (sēg' ẽ lĭnd).
sig' net (sĭg' nĕt), a seal.
Sin' dre (sĭn' drȧ).
site (sīt), position.
Skid' blad ner (skĭd' blăd nẽr).
slug' gish (slŭg' ĭsh), slow, with little motion.
sluice (slōōs), a water gate.

so' journ er (sō' jûrn ĕr), one who dwells in a place but a short time.
sol' ace (sŏl' ăs), comfort in grief.
sol' i ta ry (sŏl' ĭ tȧ rĭ), lonely.
spa' cious (spā' shŭs), large, roomy.
span (spăn), the greatest space from the tip of the thumb to the tip of the little finger ; a very brief time.
spe' cie (spē' shĭ), coin.
sprat (sprăt), a herring.
staunch (stänch), steadfast.
stile (stīl), a set of steps for climbing over a wall or fence.
stim' u lat ing (stĭm' ū lāt ĭng), exciting to more vigorous action.
sti' ver (stĭ' vĕr), a Dutch coin, worth about two cents.
stress (strĕs), strain.
sub ter ra' ne an (sŭb tĕr ā' nē ăn), underground.
sur vey' or (sŭr vā' ĕr), the officer who oversees the measuring and valuing of dutiable goods at a port.
sus' te nance (sŭs' tē nȧns), food, support.
swarth'y (swôr' thĭ), dark.
swirl' ing (swûrl' ĭng), whirling.

ta' bor (tā' bĕr), a small drum.
tang (tăng), a sharp taste.
tank' ard (tănk' ȧrd), a large drinking vessel.
te' di ous (tē' dĭ ŭs), slow, tiresome.
thews (thūz), muscles.
Thor (thôr).
thrall (thrôl), a slave.
thrash' er (thrăsh' ĕr), a brown thrush.
Thrud' vang (thro͞od' wäng).
thwarts (thwôrtz), rowers' seats.
tra di' tion (trȧ dĭsh' ŭn), an oral report of deeds and sayings of olden times.
tor na' do (tŏr nā' dō), a violent wind storm.
Tran syl va' ni a (trăn sĭl vā' nĭ ȧ), part of Hungary.
trans' ports (trănz' pōrts), joyful feelings.
trench' er (trĕn' chĕr), a wooden plate.
tre panned' (trē pănd') trapped. (Usually written **trapanned**.)
trib' ute (trĭb' ūt), an annual sum of money paid to a ruler by his subjects.
troop' er (tro͞op' ĕr), a mounted soldier.
trun' cheon (trŭn' shŭn), a club.
tu' nic (tū' nĭk), a loose fitting garment.

un' der lings (ŭn' dĕr lĭngz), inferiors.
un wit' ting (ŭn wĭt' ĭng), not knowing.

val' iant (văl' yănt), strong, brave.
vam' pire bats (văm' pīr), bats that suck the blood of animals.
van' quish (văn' kwĭsh), to conquer.
va' ri e gat ed (vā' rĭ ē gāt ĕd), of different colors.
vas' sal (văs' ăl), one pledged to serve.
vaunt' ed (vänt' ĕd), boasted.
veg e ta' ri an (vĕj ē tā' rĭ ăn), one who eats no animal food.
Vel' i ant (vāl' ē ănt).
ven' er a ble (vĕn' ĕr ȧ b'l), old and respected.
ver mil' ion (vĕr mĭl' yŭn), bright red.
ves' ture (vĕs' tūr), dress.
vi bra' tion (vī brā' shŭn), a shaking, or throbbing.
vied (vīd), strove for first place.
vi' per (vī' pĕr), a poisonous snake.
vi va' cious (vī vā' shŭs), sprightly.
vi zier' (vĭ zēr'), a high officer of state in a Mohammedan country.

wax' ing (wăks' ĭng), growing larger.
We' ser (vā' zĕr).
whit (hwĭt), a bit, jot.
win' nowed (wĭn' ōd), beat with wings.
wroth (rôth), angry.

yearns (yûrnz), longs.
yeo' man (yō' mȧn), a free man, not a noble.

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